

# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



A Bolivian Indian: from the film 'People Like Maria' made by the World Health Organisation. The assistance given to the Bolivian Indians by the United Nations is discussed in David Belloch's talk 'How to Develop Backward Countries' (see page 186)

In this number:

Coming to Terms with the Arabs (Michael Ionides)

Two Views on Divorce

Parachute Jumping at Sixty (Lewis Hastings)





## August

Our Victorian ancestors seem to have been much concerned with hoops. As children, they bowled them. Later on—if they were of the feminine gender—they wore them. And many people spiked them into lawns and played croquet. It is seldom nowadays that one sees a child with this old-fashioned and admirable toy, but croquet is still with us though it long ago yielded to lawn tennis its position as the most popular of garden games. On the other hand, it was reported not so long ago that the hoop as an adjunct to fashion showed signs of 'coming in' again. It was, in the event, a fleeting visit; nevertheless we welcomed the information—not because our interest in dress is anything more than academic, but because it is part of the business of the Midland Bank to possess up-to-date information on all sorts of subjects which can, on request, be supplied to all sorts of people; and, so peculiar are some of the requests, it is more than likely that one of these days we shall find that we too have become much concerned with hoops.

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Vol. LX. No. 1532

Thursday August 7 1958

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

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## Coming to Terms with the Arabs

By MICHAEL IONIDES

WHAT does 'coming to terms' with the Arabs mean? It means, first and foremost, understanding what makes these Arabs 'tick'. This idea of 'Arabism' is not really difficult to understand. It is like what we might call 'Britishism', if there were such a word—the feeling which New Zealanders have, and Australians, Canadians, Scots, Welsh—a feeling that in the last analysis we are all British. We have our separate independent governments and different forms of constitution. Within ourselves there are even movements of national independence, as in Scotland or in Wales. But when we are face to face with something which threatens us all, we get together and nothing can divide us. The Arabic word which we translate as 'nationalism' in this context conveys the idea of 'peoplehood', as opposed to attachment to a fatherland. Its frontiers are not drawn on the ground but in the spirit. There is a different Arabic word for 'nationalism', in our sense, such as 'Iraqi' nationalism, or Syrian, or Egyptian. So, from the very outset, the Western world has been using a term which conveys a demonstrably misleading meaning.

For centuries since the breakdown of the Arab civilisation under Mongol invasions in the Middle Ages the Arabs were ruled by others, but memories of their past persisted, with the binding force of their remarkable language—a language which might almost be said to be over-civilised, elaborated to an excessive degree of intellectual complexity. The first stirrings of a renaissance began generations ago, long before communism, fascism, or political Zionism were ever thought

of. It is a movement in its own right, with its own roots, its own culture.

After the first world war, the Arab world, which had been out of the stream of history for so long, and whose society was ossified in archaic forms, was suddenly plunged into the modern world of science and industry. Young Arabs from the several states into which the Middle East had been divided began to come to the West to learn from us the arts, sciences, professions, and with that learning they took in much of the political philosophy and ideas of social progress that we had evolved in our industrial age. The first generation of this new kind of Arab are now in their fifties. The second generation of them are coming up to the age when, by the mere passage of time, they must succeed to positions of power, and there are far more of them. The youngest generation of all is coming back in flood.

These men form a distinct middle or professional class, a new phenomenon in the Arab world. They are those who have the learning which men must have for the management of the modern state in all its technical and administrative complexity. To some extent, the result is a wholesale transplantation of Western methods and techniques. But there is much more in it than that. This new breed of younger men have the task of transmuting Western methods to fit their own society, of using Western tools of learning and the arts to revivify their own distinctive Arab culture. This spontaneous movement of Arab awakening is cross-fertilised throughout the Arab world by speech and



letter, meetings and discussions, aided and speeded by the telephone, radio, film, motor-car, and aeroplane.

All this passed almost unnoticed in the Western world until quite recently. Even now there are many people who still think that the only thing which unites Arabs is their common hatred of Israel. To the Arabs, Israel was a focusing point for their spontaneous sense of unity; primarily because they thought the Western Powers would use Israel as an excuse to do everything in their power to frustrate their aims of independence. The Western Powers seemed to see only that focusing point, and to be blind to the inherent unity behind it.

These new men felt a widening gap between themselves and the older generation who had come to maturity under the Ottoman regime. It could hardly have been otherwise, for few of the older men had studied in the West as they have studied. In particular, younger men saw very clearly and felt very sharply the backwardness of the humbler folk in their own countries, their low standards of life, the more so for having seen and enjoyed the higher standards of the Western countries. It followed that their urge for social reform came into internal conflict with the more conservative older generation.

In Britain our social revolution has gone forward over the last century and a half, in pace with the opening out of the age of mechanical power and industry. Even so gradual a change has brought its times of tension and even danger. In Iraq and other Middle Eastern countries, it is being compressed into half a generation. With immature political institutions and traditions, forces were growing, all over the Arab world, which could lead to violent revolution even without the added feeling that their basic aims of independence and unity were being frustrated by the West.

### Sympathy with the Picturesque Sheikh

It was with the older generation of Arabs, on the whole, that British public personalities of the last decade came most into contact. In the early days when the British Mandate was in force in Iraq, British advisers and officials were obliged to work with tribal sheikhs and notables—that is to say, with people of whom few had had the kind of education in the modern world which the young generation has. There was a tendency to have much more sympathy with the charming and picturesque sheikhs and dignitaries of the countryside than with the restless, Western-educated Arabs of the cities. If there was trouble it was so often from the Western-educated types. Thus, in the British mind, and especially in the more conservative end of the spectrum, there was the same sort of gap of understanding of the new generation of Arabs as grew up between the older generation of Arabs and their own people.

Another important factor helped to build up mutual misunderstanding between the Arabs and the British. Until the last few years we had military bases in these countries, and if there were riots or worse—as happened frequently—they were as often as not directed at us. Agitators and rioters must be regarded as doing wrong, of being disloyal, even though according to their own lights they were being loyal to a cause they felt to be just. To the British authorities, therefore, it must have come almost instinctively to act on the assumption that troubles were artificially whipped up and did not represent a genuine and growing movement among the Arabs. Indeed, for a British Government to admit officially that the movement existed and to admit officially the reasons why it existed would have pointed to the need for changes of policy of a radical kind. Another factor was that Zionist propaganda was inescapably bound to take the same line, for their whole policy was based on Western acceptance of the idea that Jewish immigration did not really conflict with Arab interests, and that therefore any demonstration or riots must be the work of evil-intentioned agitators.

So, over the years, there grew up this general impression: that practically all Arabs were good Arabs, loyal to what we thought was good for them, with a few bad Arabs, mischievous, half-educated fellows, who were every now and then inspired by agents from outside to make trouble for us. Between the wars the agents were fascists, now communists. Through their machinations they managed to turn many good Arabs into temporary bad ones. When that happened, we had to weigh in,

dispose of the agents in foreign pay and their subversive organisations, and then the temporary bad Arabs would become good Arabs again, loyal to what we thought was good for them.

This comforting picture was never true, though it is easy to understand how it came about. Forty years of demonstrations, riots, rebellions, war, sub-war and revolutions to which we opposed the threat and use of armed force; treaties, pacts and doctrines ending in the revolution in Iraq, must surely by now have convinced us that the picture is false.

### 'Bitter Shock' of 1948

The war in 1948 through which the State of Israel emerged came as a specially bitter shock to these younger Arabs. The Western press jeered at them for the ineffectiveness with which several Arab armies with 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 Arabs behind them had been roundly defeated by 500,000 Jews. The reason was obvious—they were disunited, weak, incompetent. The Arabs saw that this had come about by the very fact that the Western Powers had divided them up. There was only one conceivable conclusion they could draw, being intelligent and being human. It was that the Western Powers had divided them and put military bases amongst them so as to prevent the independence and unity they thought they had been promised, to secure Western strategic interests, and to make the Middle East safe for expanding Zionism.

All this time, men of General Nuri es Said's stamp had been seeking the traditional goals of independence and unity by methods of persuasion. After the creation of Israel, it seemed clear that the Western Powers would do everything they could to frustrate those goals so long as Arab unity might be turned against Western interests. Nuri's method was to try to get the Israel question settled, or at least stabilised, so that then the primary aims of Arabism could be achieved. The others argued that he would never succeed in this, and indeed he never did. They reckoned that the only thing to do was to by-pass the Israel question altogether by taking unity and independence for themselves. When Colonel Nasser came to power in Egypt and freed himself of British control, his success made an immediate appeal to the younger generation of Arabs everywhere. Nasser had succeeded where Nuri had failed. He had done much more than the younger Iraqis thought Nuri could ever do, even if he succeeded over Israel. Nasser's revolution was a social revolution as well as a seizure of independence. So now the force of young Arabism, previously repressed everywhere in the Middle East, had broken surface, had found a leader. He happened to be called Gamal Abd el Nasser. It might have happened in Iraq, with an Iraqi leader. The movement of young Arabism created Nasser, not Nasser the movement.

Nuri's aspirations to be the one who would lead the Arabs to independence and unity were now threatened. He boosted internal development to the utmost, with great energy, backed fully by the Palace. If he did not easily grasp the need for reform, his age and his preoccupations can account for that, for his sincerity was undoubted. However, that did not remove the fact that the younger Arabs felt that he did not understand them, while President Nasser and his men struck a response. Externally, Nuri's only hope was that somehow a settlement over Israel should be brought about, for only then could the Western Powers allow full Arab independence and unity. What kind of settlement no one knew, and the question does not affect this analysis. If he were asking for the moon, then only the moon could help him.

### Weapon for Nasser

The Baghdad Pact, formed in 1955, was a wonderful weapon for Nasser. It seemed sound to people in the West, judging merely according to Western ways of thought, to make a defensive instrument against Russian aggression. But if the presence in it of Iraq was to have any solid meaning it must also appeal to the people of Iraq, for a treaty of this kind which does not have popular support will not have much value. Only a tiny number of Arabs or Iraqis felt any military menace from Russia. It may be that, according to our lights, this was very wrong or stupid of them. But it was a political fact, easily ascertainable



to anyone who went round the Middle East asking questions. It was also ascertainable that in the eyes of the rest of the Arab Middle East, Iraq's adherence, under Western promptings, would be regarded as another move to divide the Arab world. This was the line that Nasser took. Britain and Iraq had just come from signing a treaty, he said, under which we would leave our military bases in Iraq and hand them over to the Iraqis. There they go, said Nasser, out at the front door, with the bugles blowing and flags flying, with celebration of the glorious fact that Iraq was at last truly independent—and, now, back they come down the chimney with the Baghdad Pact. Not only that: it was also a device, said President Nasser, to tie strings on the Iraq army and keep it out of harm's way if there was any trouble with Israel. All these charges rang true in the ears of a growing majority of Arabs, in Iraq as elsewhere. However false the accusations might be, it made no odds. The hard political fact was that the Arabs believed it. Nasser's star was rising, Nuri's was falling.

The Suez operation looked to Arabs like further proof that British protestations of friendship with the Arabs were all false and that our real intention was to get back military domination of the whole of the Middle East. The Eisenhower Doctrine which was pronounced after the Syrian crisis in 1957 seemed to the Arabs to show that American thoughts were now going the same way. It was clearly pointed against two particular states, Egypt and Syria. The hurried landing of arms in Jordan, which from press reports seemed clearly to be aimed against Syria, helped to confirm the impression in Arab minds that the Western Powers had not begun to comprehend the nature or strength of Arab determination.

Much has been said about President Nasser's propaganda machine, which has given rise to a new term, 'indirect aggression', which in Western eyes, it seems, may now be held as justification for military intervention. But the effectiveness of Nasser's propaganda lay in the fact that most of the essence of the material in it was given to him by the Western Powers themselves. For three years, from the spring of 1955 to the spring of 1958, I sat in Baghdad among Iraqis of all political colours watching the reactions. As the foreign newspapers came in day by day with reports of speeches, headlines and articles, one could almost measure the tide of feeling rising, of hope falling. Everything the Western Powers said and did during those fateful years stimulated the spontaneous movement of antipathy to the West on which Nasser was riding. It might almost be said that the effectiveness of Nasser's propaganda was due to the fact that all he had to do was to take cuttings from the Western newspapers and put them out over the radio.

Let me give a current example. After the recent Baghdad Pact meeting in London, Mr. Dulles said the Pact was now even more important than before. I judge that every Arab—and all the educated ones read the newspapers with care—will take that as proof that the Baghdad Pact really was, and still is, an instrument to divide them and frustrate their unity. They will not need Moscow's subtlety or President Nasser's propaganda embellishments to tell them that.

Now, there are new leaders in Baghdad. They have in effect said something like this: 'Here we are at last. You want our oil, we want to sell it to you. You have goods and services to

sell, we want to buy them. Let us do business. But do not try to embroil us in your quarrels with *your* adversaries, who are not *our* adversaries. Do not try to bind us with treaties, pacts and doctrines. Do not call us Communists, which we are not, to justify pointing your guns at us. You have your loyalties; we will respect them. We have our loyalties; you must respect them and not try to make us pass your loyalty tests. Understand that the scale of human values which we have learned among you, which distinguishes the free world from the Communist world, requires us to be loyal to Arab interests first and foremost. Understand that when you try to insist that we must put your interests before ours, you are asking us to deny that very scale of values which you yourselves hold dear'. I, for one, see everything to be gained by doing business with them on those terms.



'The forces of young Arabism . . . had broken surface, had found a leader': Arabs in Cairo with a picture of Colonel Nasser, during the plebiscite last February which resulted in the formation of the United Arab Republic

We have yet to see how the idea of Arab unity will be expressed. It may be that some kind of federal organisation will emerge, with several states within it. As I have said earlier, the essence of Arabism is a sense of peoplehood, just like what we might call Britishism, and I see no necessity for it to take the form of one nation with one government and one president. Rather the contrary perhaps, because the people of Iraq are not the same as the people of Syria or Egypt any more than the people of England are the same as the people of Australia or Canada. It seems to me natural that a pattern of national states expressing their unity federally might emerge. It also seems to me likely that it will be as difficult for one Arab leader to dominate the whole as it would be for one Englishman or Canadian or Australian to dominate the whole of the British Commonwealth.

Everyone will ask this question: What about Israel? I think there are grounds for hoping that this may not prove as difficult a problem as past history would lead us to suppose. In the broadcasts and statements from the leaders in Baghdad I do not recall having seen the word Israel mentioned. Perhaps the clue to the whole situation is that Israel was a focus of Arab attention so long as it was a means and a reason for Western opposition to their unity and independence. Having by-passed the Israel question and attained unity and independence on their own, will Israel still be the same bitter focus of attention? Or will the new men, with a new feeling of unity and ability to withstand any move Israel might make to expand, turn their thoughts first towards the problems of the social reform that is a vital part of the content of the young Arabism, which could not be said of the old Arabism of which General Nuri was the last and greatest exponent? Will they recall that all the Arab leaders were ready, only a few years ago, to negotiate on the basis of the 1957 United Nations decisions—a policy which of necessity implied a readiness to accept that Israel was there to stay, and a readiness to compromise?

No one can tell, as yet. But I am sure that if only the Western peoples can learn what this new young Arabism is, and that threats of force not only strengthen it but turn it irresistibly against us, the very real mutual interests which link us to them can be brought to the top, rather than the antipathies or conflicts of interest which divide us from them. The first step in coming to terms with the Arabs is understanding what Arabism is about.

—Third Programme



# How to Develop Backward Countries

By DAVID BLELLOCH

**I** DO not think I need start by discussing why it is sound policy for the developed countries to promote the development of the so-called backward areas of the world. Nevertheless, my own experience has taught me that 'development' is a much more complicated matter than is generally realised, even by many of those closely involved in it, and that many well-meant schemes are likely to end in frustration unless the whole subject is much more carefully studied and investigated than it has been hitherto.

## Disturbing an Equilibrium

What, really, does 'development' mean? Primarily it means disturbing an equilibrium—the equilibrium of a society, and the equilibrium of an ecology. In thinking of our own development we tend to concentrate our attention on the industrial revolution of the last couple of centuries. We ought to look much further back, taking into account much that happened in ancient Greece and in the Roman Empire, and in western Europe during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Without the social and intellectual movements of those periods, and the bloody political upheavals and strife which accompanied them, our industrial revolution could never have taken place. The equilibrium which we now hope we have attained has been paid for not merely by the sacrifice of much beauty and culture and charm, nor by the privations inflicted on our industrial populations in the earlier stages of industrialisation, but also by the blood that our more remote ancestors shed in countless wars and revolutions.

This equilibrium which has been achieved by the so-called 'developed' countries, is recognisable by a number of fairly well-defined characteristics. For instance, universal literacy; a general agreement that material well-being is attainable and worth striving for; respect for manual work; a reasonable balance between resources and population; an efficient system of government and administration, which enjoys the respect and confidence of the population as a whole; a social structure and a way of life appropriate to the application of modern industrial techniques; at least relative freedom from superstitious inhibitions; and an emancipated womanhood. It is such characteristics as these which enable a community both to maintain control over its natural environment and to go on 'developing'—seemingly at a constantly accelerating pace—with only relatively minor social upheavals.

If, then, this is what 'development' means, it is obviously not something which can be achieved simply by transferring from a developed to an underdeveloped community such more or less tangible and material commodities as money, equipment, and technical skills. What has to develop is not merely an economy but a society—a living organism, situated in its own peculiar environment, and with its own laws of growth and transformation. All societies *can* develop, but each society must develop along the lines, and at the speed, that are appropriate to its circumstances and situation.

## No Valid Criteria

It is here that the complexity of the whole problem becomes apparent; for the plain fact is that we know very little indeed about the laws of development, of social transformation, assuming that there are such laws. The theories of a Marx, a Spengler, and a Toynbee have helped us to realise that the history and evolution of societies has a significance which can be systematically studied; but our myriad schools of social and political science have not yet supplied us with valid criteria on which to build up a rational development policy.

Nevertheless, there is now a considerable amount of evidence to illustrate the disastrous consequences of trying to transform societies without recognition of their particular circumstances and

environment. Thus we can be warned, if we will, of how well-meant efforts by a colonial Power to improve the economy and administration of an ancient civilisation have rapidly transformed a peaceable and orderly community into one of abnormal criminality; of how a primitive tribe can be brought to the brink of sheer physical annihilation by the introduction of a single new tool; of how schemes for economic development may not only fail to produce such development, but may actually inhibit it; and of how grandiose works of engineering and irrigation may, by promoting the spread of such debilitating diseases as malaria and bilharzia, actually render the local population unfit to take any advantage of the new facilities which it had been intended to place at their disposal. Yet it is on the population, the human beings, that the success of all development depends.

The available evidence shows, no less, that the development plan for each country or territory should be both comprehensive and tailor-made to fit local circumstances. Yet in too many cases aid is being supplied haphazard and piecemeal. Farmers are taught new techniques, but nothing is done to make it worth their while to apply them. Money is advanced for the creation of new industries without a simultaneous despatch of experienced technicians to show how these new industries should be managed. When technicians are sent, acceptance of their advice generally means heavy expenditure—for technical advice may be about anything from the building of atomic power stations to the organisation of women's institutes and youth clubs; yet no funds are supplied.

## Technical Advice is not Enough

My own experience has been concerned mainly with the supply of advice unaccompanied by any form of financial aid; and I find myself, as a result, forced into a mood of particularly deep scepticism about existing programmes which involve supplying mere technical advice. It is so easy, and so wrong, to imagine that if people do a thing badly it must be because they do not know how to do it well. I was once walking down Morrison Street, in Peking, with a Chinese friend, and drew his attention to a notice in a money-changer's window which read 'Noney Changed', 'Oh, I must tell him', said my friend, and dashed across the street into the shop. He came out looking rather crestfallen. 'He says he wrote it that way on purpose, to attract attention!' he told me. In any case, no nation does *everything* well. In this country we have no special reason to be proud of our plumbing, or our domestic heating, or our road system. In the United States many of the public administrative services strike the foreigner as extraordinarily inefficient. But improvements are not likely to result from good advice from outside, and those who proffer it will soon be told to mind their own business, as my Chinese friend was.

Of course, a foreign expert can often be very useful, provided that he possesses rather exceptional qualities of imagination and adaptability. But only too often he is likely to make no impact because he cannot rise above his purely national experience and habits. I remember one case where a highly qualified expert failed completely because in face of every problem he produced the text of some law of his own country and told the responsible Minister that the solution was to copy this or that provision literally. Another equally good man eventually had to be sent home because he could not break himself of the habit of pressing a buzzer when he wanted to call his personal assistant into his own office, instead of going to the door and calling him in. I have seen with my own eyes expensive bridges standing high and dry and useless because foreign engineers would not listen to the local peasants who assured them that streams in that part of the world were constantly changing their beds.

Or suppose a foreign expert has to train young professionals

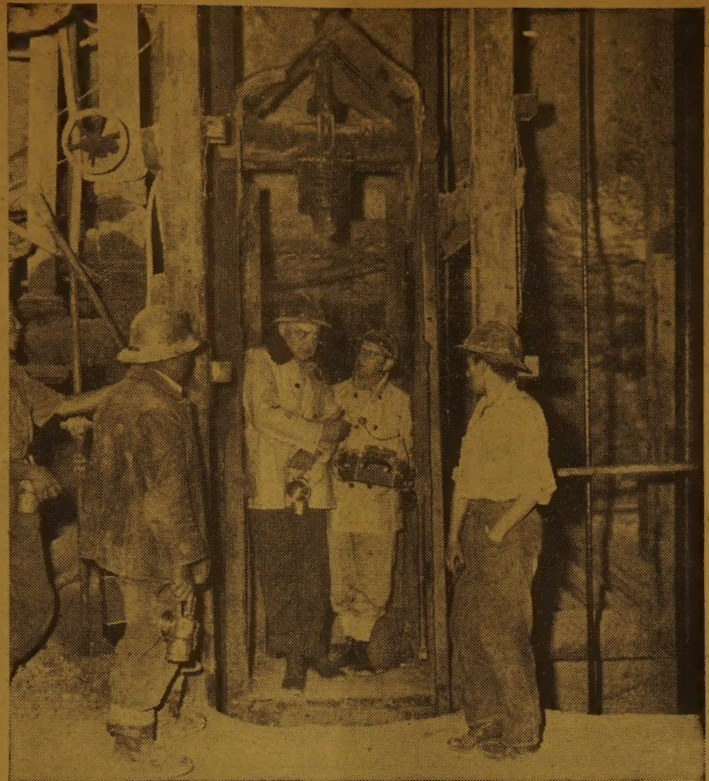


in an underdeveloped country. They will almost certainly have the strongest possible prejudice against doing any form of manual work that they consider socially degrading, however necessary it may be for their training. I met one North American architect who came up against this problem and solved it most ingeniously. When he first took charge of a building-research centre he found it impossible to persuade his students to put on overalls and do practical jobs in the workshop. So he got rid of the overalls, ordered a supply of white smocks such as doctors wear in the operating theatre, and announced that henceforward the workshop would be called the 'laboratory'. His difficulty then was not to get the students into the workshop, but to keep them out of it.

All aid for development tends, almost inevitably, to be politically coloured, especially since the Communist countries have become active in this field. Here again a better comprehension of what is involved in social as opposed to economic development would help to obviate many misunderstandings and mistakes. In our own history, social development has resulted from a constant interplay, or struggle, between divergent forces. The struggles have often been violent, and the methods employed by the victorious party have not always been those to which one can look back to with approval and pride. Why should we expect higher standards of behaviour in countries whose development has lagged behind our own? It is useless, and short-sighted, to say to the Government of an underdeveloped country: 'Yes, we will help you to develop provided you become a model parliamentary democracy, provided the Government refrains from interfering in economic enterprise, provided you forswear all nationalistic policies and adventures, provided you ban Communism and have no truck with the Russians'. Parliamentary democracy is not necessarily the last word in political philosophy. Private enterprise is not always the best basis for rapid economic development. Soviet Russia, which has shown within our lifetime how a nation can rapidly transform itself from a state of decadent feudalism into a modern industrial Power, must inevitably command the interest, and to some extent the sympathy, of vast masses of people in the still underdeveloped countries.

We cannot take the line that if the underdeveloped countries will not play the game as we want it played we will have nothing more to do with them. We are simply obliged to play our part, whatever it may be, in promoting the development of the underdeveloped world. But to do so skilfully we must in each case try to identify and associate ourselves with those social forces whose victory is essential to full-scale and rapid development. I often recall a remark made to me some years ago in Cairo by the experienced ambassador of a developed country: 'The trouble in this part of the world', he said, 'is that we are constantly being called upon to intervene on the wrong side, in the interests of "law and order"'.

We do not owe our own development, in its earlier stages, to 'law and order'. And we often fail to recognise, as it seems to me, that there must inevitably be stages in the development process of every society involving the bursting out of small social groupings, such as the family and the clan, and the transference of clan and family and local loyalties to the nation as a whole, a process which generally results in a phase of acute nationalism. To me the sight of advanced industrial countries backing feudal sheikhdoms, or the regimes of absen-



Technical assistance from the United Nations: a U.N. mining expert (left, centre) at the bottom of a shaft in the San José mine, Oruro, Bolivia

tee landlords, or old-style military dictatorships, fearful of the kind of social upheavals which have played so large a part in their own history, is one of the most incongruous spectacles on the modern political stage.

Such thoughts on the political and social implications of development are strengthened by my experiences in—for instance—several of the Latin-American Republics. In the last twenty-odd years I have been able to watch the progress of development in a number of these countries and to form an opinion on how that process can most effectively be helped by aid from outside. Take Bolivia: in 1940, 1943, and 1950 prospects seemed to me to be pretty hopeless. There was no lack of individual ability or enterprise, as the case of Simon Patino, the mine-owner, shows. But the pattern of land-ownership was obsolete, and the vast majority of the population consisted of aboriginal 'Indians'—poor, illiterate, and deprived of all normal civil rights. Then, in

1952, the volcano erupted. A party came into power which was pledged to a thorough-going policy of agrarian reform, and of equal rights for all citizens. When I returned to Bolivia later in the same year I found the whole atmosphere completely changed. The country had taken the first essential step towards becoming an integrated modern nation. The majority of the population felt for first time that the country was theirs, and its Government was theirs.

Naturally, plenty of mistakes were made. Many of the new Government's policies were of a kind to alarm free-enterprise countries, and



In Iraq 'despite all engineering projects human beings are still living and dying in poverty and degradation': a reed-mat hut in Baghdad, with modern houses in the background

(continued on page 203)



# The Listener

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## The State and Art

THE Treasury has just published a pamphlet on *Government and the Arts in Britain\** in which it is explained with care how the sum of over £6,000,000 will be spent on the arts by the state during the present financial year. It is useful to have an authoritative statement of what the Government does in this respect. Some critics have already pointed out that the pamphlet is a little disingenuous. In making comparisons with earlier times no account is taken of the fall in the value of money, a fact of which the Treasury experts must be aware. In discussing the Arts Council it is not stated that in the last two annual reports produced by the Council a strong plea has been made for an increase of the Treasury grant: indeed the last report was entitled *Art in the Red*. The *Manchester Guardian* has pointed out that it is a trifle ironical that this pamphlet should have been published precisely at the time when the London Library, that historic institution on which so many British scholars and authors depend, has been placed in dire difficulties by the demands of the taxation authorities. No doubt the pamphlet's intent is defensive. For the Treasury has recently been faced with pleas from many sources to give more generous support to the arts. The National Gallery has made cogent pleas for assistance, while the Arts Council has pointed out how, in contrast with other European countries, not a single theatre has been built out of public funds since the war, while our Royal Ballet and Old Vic companies are compelled to undertake American tours to pay their way.

A more persuasive defence of the 'Treasury mind' in respect to the arts was put forward in the Romanes lecture† delivered by Lord Bridges, the former head of the Treasury, at Oxford in June. He reminds us of the other side of the picture when he points out that whenever public money is spent on the arts someone is sure to complain that it could better have been spent upon the welfare services. For example, when £10,000 was spent to raise the trilithon at Stonehenge it was urged that the money could have been more profitably employed in building bungalows for the old people of Salisbury. Bentham is also quoted as saying: 'The purchase of instruments of amusement for the rich, with money raised by taxes on rich and poor, is depredation'. However we are not living in the age of Bentham.

Lord Bridges discusses the question whether we ought to have a Minister of Fine Arts, but he prefers the present system with modifications. He would like to see some independent body advising the Chancellor on museums and art galleries, corresponding to the University Grants Committee. He would also recommend that the expenditure granted to the Arts Council should be settled over a period of years instead of upon an annual basis. These are obviously sensible suggestions deserving of consideration. More radical critics of the existing system will, however, take the view that the Chancellor is not the right Minister to hold the direct responsibility for helping the arts, since inevitably his staff must have a bias toward economies. No one is so down upon the middle classes as other members of the middle classes. It is proper that this altruistic devotion to husbanding the public funds should prevail. But the arts need a friend at court. That is the case for a change in the system.

\* Stationery Office. 2s. † *The State and The Arts*. Oxford. 2s. 6d.

## What They Are Saying

More about the 'summit' conference

WHILE THE WORLD awaited Mr. Khrushchev's reply to the British and American proposal for a 'summit' conference on the Middle East on August 12 (and the French proposal for a conference in Geneva on August 18), Moscow radio announced, on the morning of August 3, that a four-day meeting had just taken place in Peking between Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mao Tse-tung. Complete unity of views on the international situation was said to have been reached 'in an atmosphere of perfect sincerity and cordiality'. According to the joint *communiqué* quoted by Moscow radio:

The aggressive imperialist bloc, headed by United States monopoly groups, persistently opposes peaceful coexistence, refuses to ease international tension, obstructs a meeting of the heads of government, and increases preparations for a new war. The recent armed aggression of the U.S.A. and Britain against the Lebanon and Jordan and the armed threat which they pose against Iraq and the United Arab Republic, has increased the danger of war in the Middle East.

The *communiqué* called for a 'summit' conference without delay and for the withdrawal of United States and British troops from the Lebanon and Jordan. This meeting in Peking—at which the Soviet and Chinese Defence Ministers were also present—was accompanied by a mounting propaganda campaign from Moscow, accusing the West of preparing further 'aggression' in the Middle East, and increasingly bellicose propaganda from China.

Again and again during the week Moscow radio accused the West of deliberately obstructing a 'summit' conference and of 'preparing a wider and more dangerous military operation'. On July 30, Tass transmitted a statement—broadcast in Arabic and many other languages—saying:

If the freedom-loving Iraqi people fall victim to an aggression prepared by members of the Baghdad Pact, the peace-loving peoples will come to their aid.

According to Tass, Iran was 'calling up reservists and moving large military formations'. A Soviet Note to Iran reminded her of the Shah's assurances 'that foreign troops will not be deployed in Iranian territory and that Iran will never be used against the Soviet Union'. A few days earlier, the East German radio, in a broadcast in Persian, compared the Iraq coup with that which brought Moussadeq to power in Persia in 1952, but regretted that the latter had stopped short of doing to the Shah and his court what the Iraqis had done to King Feisal and Nuri es-Said.

According to *Pravda*, quoted in a Moscow broadcast on July 31, Britain and the United States were planning to replace the wrecked Baghdad Pact with yet another 'aggressive Near East grouping', with U.S. support. The present situation in the Middle East resulting from American and British 'aggression', had brought the world 'to the brink of a military catastrophe' and demanded 'the taking of immediate and corresponding steps'. As for reports of Anglo-U.S. plans to 'internationalise' Lebanon under United Nations trusteeship, the U.S.A. would no doubt be the chief trustee, 'with its tanks, aircraft-carriers, and marines'. Several broadcasts accused Turkey of concentrating troops on her frontiers with Syria and Iraq. Thirty thousand British paratroopers in Cyprus were said to be awaiting orders to move into Arab countries.

Broadcasts from China dwelt upon the 'mountainous scale unprecedented in history' of protest demonstrations, in which 64,000,000 people in China had so far participated. Officers and men were pledging vigilance 'in preparation for the liberation of Formosa at any moment, to deal heavy blows in defence of world peace'. One hundred thousand demobilised Chinese 'volunteers' from the Korean war, now working in Peking, voiced their 'readiness to take up arms in support of the Arab people and to defend world peace'; a pledge said to have been echoed by workers in Shanghai who had declared: 'The only way to treat habitual aggressors like the U.S.A. is to deal them heavy blows'. A Peking broadcast, quoting an Army journal, called for intensified war preparations, as 'we can never tolerate U.S. imperialism occupying Formosa for long'.



# Did You Hear That?

## INTERVIEWING ON TELEVISION

'IN THE LAST three years', said GEOFFREY JOHNSON SMITH in a General Overseas talk, 'I have interviewed on B.B.C. Television about 2,000 people—that is an average of two interviews a day. This may or may not be a record, but of one thing I am certain: television made it possible. In fact, there is an absolute epidemic of interviews on television. Nowadays, they seem to feel that no television programme is complete without an interview, however inappropriate it may be. No statesman, actor, singer, film star, is allowed in or out of the country, it seems, without facing camera, microphone, and interviewer. So necessary has this become that the authorities at London Airport have installed a studio where B.B.C. and commercial television men dispute among themselves whose interviewer shall be let loose first.

'All this interviewing has developed for two reasons. First, it is thought that no one can be trusted to talk lucidly and fluently in front of a camera for more than a few seconds at a time, and, secondly, even if the person could, people get sick of seeing the same talking face staring out at them from their television sets. So the image on the screen is broken up. In an interview there are at least two faces for the camera to play with—and where you have these two faces you have a "situation" immediately, a kind of bowler-batsman relationship.

'The interviewer as a bowler has a repertoire as varied in spin and cunning as any Test cricketer. He can lure his victim into a false sense of confidence with the easy-paced, perfectly straightforward, guileless "feed" question, something like this: "Mr. Jones, you've just come from the conference—what's your impression of it?" The interviewer probably knew all along what the answer would be, but he is now in a position to nigger at it, and to tease and prod the interviewee into saying something he might regret. With someone who is difficult to dislodge—say, a charmingly courteous, stonewalling diplomat—the interviewer may have to do a bit of bodyline bowling with the "loaded" question.

'It is the interviewer, though, who dictates the play; he, after all, chooses the ground with his questions. But it can be a very dangerous ground. He can get so carried away with his tactical advantage that he may fancy himself as a kind of prosecuting counsel in the High Court, cross-examining an unreliable witness, and this loses him a lot of sympathy with the crowd.

'The most difficult people to interview are politicians. They are far too good at talking. This is why, in the unscripted discussion in front of a television camera, the interviewer really is a public benefactor. There may be no limit to what a politician thinks he has to say about a given subject, but there is a limit to the amount of hot air his lungs can hold, and so it is his breathing habits which have to be studied. The interviewer

watches the moment his chest expands, watches it deflate, and then pounces with the next question as he pauses to take in more air.

'The easiest people to deal with are the very old and the very young. The very old do not care what is happening to them and the very young do not know'.

## PARIS HOLIDAY

'When I went to Paris', said EDWARD SEBLEY in 'Today', 'I found there were some things I had to learn all over again from the beginning. How to post a letter, for instance. It is easy enough in England, with all those bright red pillar-boxes standing around; but in Paris you have to go peering about looking for an obscure grey box, low down on the pavement, near a wall. After you have found it you need some courage to abandon your letter to its fate inside such a neglected-looking object.

'But buying a stamp can be even more of a test of character. I set forth one morning with a bunch of post-cards I had written and was looking out for a post office. I crossed the Seine, and was walking about the streets behind Notre Dame. Soon, I saw a shop which looked rather like one of our local post offices. It had a kind of a wire-grilled window, and sold stationery, and wills, and legal-looking forms.

'I have no French, as they say, but I had memorised the words for stamps—*timbres postes*—so I went in boldly. "*Bonjour, Madame*", I said to the thin woman in black behind the counter. "*M'sieur?*" "*Avez-vous timbres postes, s'il vous plaît?*" She didn't say "Yes" and she didn't say "No". She simply said: "*Tabac*". "*Ah non, Madame*", said the man-of-the-world: "*Timbres postes*". Madame leaned forward, and spoke very loudly and clearly: "*Tabac, M'sieur, tabac*". "*Non, non, merci, pas tabac*", I said, and I leant forward myself, and began to mouth my words as grotesquely as she was doing: "*TIMBRES POSTES*".

'There was a pause while the echoes died away. Then Madame rushed out from behind the counter, and started waving her arms about and carrying on alarmingly. She came towards me, speaking very slowly, as if I were a child of three: "*Ta-bac Ta-bac TA-BAC*". I retreated, shaking my head. I thought she would burst. Luckily she had a sudden inspiration. Taking me by the arm, she led me to the door and pointed up the street to a tobacconist's. "*Voilà, M'sieur, timbres postes*". Light dawned I understood, and I remembered hints and instructions given in England: stamps are bought at the *Bureau de Tabac*—the tobacconist's. Our faces were wreathed in smiles. We kept nodding at each other. We were about to part, when I had my inspiration. All was now well, but I would make it better still. I would make amends. I would put business in her way. *Vive l'Entente Cordiale!*



Artists employed by the Ministry of Works in their studio in Regent's Park. In 'The Eye-witness' ALASTAIR STEWART, the senior artist there, explained to Ray Colley how the smaller, movable paintings from public buildings in this country and British 'embassies abroad are cleaned and restored in the studio



'I went back and chose a great quantity of things I did not particularly want: post-cards, note-paper, pencils. Beaming, she went behind the counter to wrap them up, while I took out my wallet. Well, there was nothing in it except a very few francs and my travellers' cheques. *Quelle horreur!* I couldn't face her. I was finished. I tip-toed to the door and closed it gently behind me. I started up the street, heading for a bunch of tourists, with the hope that I could lose my identity among them. Nothing happened for a few seconds, then I heard a shrill voice calling. I started to run and it grew fainter.

'I don't know what she was saying, but then my French was never too good'.

### LITERARY HAMPSTEAD

'Hampstead', said MARGARET SANDERS in 'London Calling Asia', 'has been the resort of writers for over 200 years. It came into popularity at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when health-giving springs were discovered there. Both Richard Steele and Dr. Johnson lived there at one time. In their day the surrounding countryside was described as "wild and thorny wood, full of hills, valleys, and sand-pits". It was also infested with robbers and cut-throats.

'Hampstead's main literary interest, however, lies within a small area—in what is known as the old village, on Hampstead Hill. Its greatest attraction for the literary pilgrim is the fact that it was here that Keats lived, loved, and wrote his poetry. The district he knew was later vividly described by Carlyle, who says it was "plain-country, rich in all charms of field and

town. Waving, blooming country, of the finest green, dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves crossed by roads; and human traffic here inaudible; or heard only as a musical hum; and beyond all, swam, under olive-tinted haze the ocean of London, with its domes and steeples rising in the sun . . ."

'Keats' friend, Leigh Hunt, had at one time "a little packing-case of a cottage" on the Heath, where he was visited by both Keats and Shelley. Shelley himself enjoyed hours of simple pleasure in the old village. He could be seen sailing paper boats for local urchins on Hampstead Pond. Or, in the evenings, leaping high over bushes and hedges on the Heath.

'When Keats wrote his "Ode to a Nightingale", in the spring of 1819, he was in grief for the loss of his brother. He was in ill-health himself, and had recently fallen deeply in love with Fanny Brawne, who lived next door. One morning, as he sat under a plum tree in the garden, his mind full of forebodings, he was suddenly enchanted by hearing a nightingale singing nearby. "When he came into the house", says Armitage Brown, the friend with whom he was staying, "I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand. I found those scraps contained his poetic feelings on the song of our nightingale". It is still possible in springtime to hear a nightingale's full-throated song in Keats Grove'.

### THE SHOP IN LITTLE WENDING

'When the cat that dozed in the shop window lay on the last carton and showed that it was a dummy, Grunsham's village shop died', said ADRIAN BELL in 'Through East Anglian Eyes'.

'There were buses now to take the villagers to town to shop. Twice a week a bus with horsehair seats took the housewives of Grunsham Magna to Market Barkle. So what chance should a village shop have today? Logically none, of course, yet, in the next parish, called Little Wending, only a mile away, a horsekeeper's son took a shop that was not only dead but derelict.

'He mended the roof, painted it, put his name over the door. In a few years he was selling everything from gum-boots to tinned Christmas puddings. He even sold the cabbages and lettuces out of his father's garden. Like a true countryman, his father had always grown a row or two of flowers alongside his cabbages and lettuces. These appeared in the shop too. Daffodils, tulips, gladioli: they had only to appear on the counter to be bought.

'That young man, Willie Chance, ploughed back every penny of profit into the business. He bought more and more stock:

Christmas cakes with robins by the score, swiss rolls in cartons with Cellophane windows. He built them up in show cases. There was hardly any room in the place, you see. Then he got an ice-cream cabinet. Then he had a case of pills and other correctives to an over-indulgence in cakes and ice-creams.

'Next, he applied for the sub post-office. There was not room, of course; but he made room. He piled the show cases yet higher, cleared a yard of counter and erected a little grille; and he was given the sub post-office, with a letterbox in the wall. You could post parcels there, and if you came in with a parcel you went out with a cabbage, or a gob-stopper,

or a packet of razor blades, according to who you were.

'You would never believe what a mild, quiet-spoken young man that was. No sales talk about him. His face reminded me of the face of the young Mendelssohn, just about the time when he composed that enchanting music to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. But, unlike Mendelssohn, young Willie Chance happened to have been interested in grocery. There is all this flummery of advertising conferences, and lectures on how to overcome sales resistance. They make a proper mystery of it; psychological and super-subtle. Let these experts come to Little Wending, and see a young man selling cabbages to countrymen—not 300 yards from four acres of allotments. That is salesmanship. When people tell me there is no hope for a small man today in competition with the big stores, I just think of Willie Chance, who opened a shop in the middle of nowhere and now has a smart new delivery van.

'But do not think that that is the only sort of success hereabout. There are profits that are not in money. I should have mentioned that almost every house in Grunsham-cum-Little Wending has been officially "condemned" for the last twenty years at least. But they are still lived in. Lowliest of these dwellings—I mean that word in the sense of the lowest one that has got an upper storey—is the mill house, which to my eye is very pretty. It is pink-washed, and glossy, because its roof consists of those tiles which are called "Norfolk Blacks" that glisten in the sun like black glass. For a long time the derelict windmill stood beside the mill house, looking like the crucifixion of Merrie England. But now it has been taken down'.



Keats' house in Hampstead, seen from the garden. It has been preserved as a permanent memorial to the poet

J. Allan Cash



## Law in Action

# The International Court of Justice

R. Y. JENNINGS on the right of nations to withdraw their litigation

**W**HEN we think of a law court we think of a tribunal before which a party to a dispute may summon his adversary whether his adversary likes it or not. But the International Court of Justice at The Hague, which is there to decide disputes between States, is not such a court. It was originally intended to have a compulsory jurisdiction, just like the courts with which we are familiar; but when it came to the point the Great Powers were always too shy of submitting their disputes compulsorily to judicial determination, though the smaller Powers by and large have been willing enough. So the position is that the Court can adjudicate upon a dispute between states only if both parties consent; the consent may have been given for that dispute, or the dispute may be covered by an agreement made in a prior treaty between the parties. But consent there must be, in one form or another.

## Optional-Clause Jurisdiction

This, however, is not the whole story, for there is in the Court's Statute a so-called 'optional clause', by which states willing to do so may go further, and make a binding declaration of their readiness to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court over their disputes with other states accepting a similar obligation. It is, as it were, a method of 'contracting in', and so joining an inner group of states willing, as between themselves, to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court over their legal disputes. At one time it looked as if general compulsory jurisdiction might gradually be established, as a result of an increasing number of states exercising this option.

But it is seldom indeed that living institutions follow the course destined for them by their designers, and the optional-clause jurisdiction has turned out very differently from what was intended. Foreign Offices are by nature both cautious and conservative and some of them spent much ingenuity in devising reservations that would take the bite out of their acceptances of compulsory jurisdiction. When, for instance, in 1929 the British Government decided for the first time to accept the optional-clause jurisdiction, the acceptance emerged from the Foreign Office with nine recommended reservations and it is on record that Sir Eric Drummond thought some of them 'simply cheating'. But it is not easy to object to the practice of attaching reservations, for, after all, a State is perfectly free, if it so decides, not to accept the optional-clause jurisdiction at all, and half a loaf may be better than no bread.

The effect of reservations, however, is much wider than at first appears, owing to the over-riding requirement of reciprocity. For this means that a defendant state is entitled to avail itself of the plaintiff's reservations as well as its own. Otherwise there would not be reciprocity. So there is compulsory jurisdiction over a given dispute, in the sense that one party can bring the other, though unwilling, before the Court, only if the dispute falls within the area left after both parties' reservations have been subtracted.

## An Elaborate Game

Given the state of international relations in the last thirty years, governments have tended not to mitigate their reservations but to go on 'improving' them until in many cases they come near to neutralising entirely the effect of the ostensible acceptance of jurisdiction. It has become an elaborate and highly conventionalised game of giving with one hand and taking away with the other. It was left to the United States, when she became a member of the Court for the first time in 1946, and made a Declaration under the optional clause, to invent a form of reservation which is probably the most far-reaching and damaging of them all, and which may indeed, as we shall presently see, have gone beyond the permissible legal limits.

Governments had long been making, largely out of abundant caution, an innocuous reservation of disputes concerning matters which were by international law within the domestic jurisdiction of the state. This excluded from the Court's jurisdiction matters, such as most questions of nationality, which by general consent are a particular state's business and nobody else's. This reservation was probably unnecessary because such matters are not governed by international law anyway; but if for that reason the reservation did no particular good, neither did it do any harm.

In 1946 the United States Government gave this reservation a new and sinister turn by adding a few words to it. They reserved disputes concerning matters '*essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of the United States as defined by the United States*'.

This way of putting the reservation meant that the United States had reserved the right to wait until someone tried to bring a dispute before the Court, and then to determine itself, subjectively, whether or no that dispute fell within the scope of reserved matters. It is in effect saying: I promise to submit to the Court provided I do not decide not to do so when the time comes'.

This sort of device is catching, and the United States' example was bound to be followed. 'Automatic' or 'subjective' reservations, as they may conveniently be called, have now been inserted into their Declarations by Mexico, France, Liberia, Pakistan, and India; and more recently, though in a rather different and possibly less damaging form, by the United Kingdom. This automatic form of reservation has been widely condemned by jurists, some of whom have raised a doubt whether it is valid; and this question came before the Court in a recent case brought by France against Norway.

The case was brought by France by a unilateral application to the Court invoking the optional-clause jurisdiction, both states having made Declarations under that clause. But whereas the Norwegian Declaration was unconditional except for reciprocity, the French Declaration had a reservation of 'differences relating to matters which are essentially within the national jurisdiction as understood by the Government of the French Republic'.

## Dispute between Norway and France

What the dispute was about was the terms of repayment of certain loans raised by Norway in France; but, as so often happens nowadays, the Court was entirely occupied with the question whether or no it had jurisdiction in the case, and was never able to consider the actual merits of the subject matter of the dispute, for one result of the gradual erosion of the optional-clause jurisdiction has been this: that a defendant state, however good it may consider the merits of its case, thinks of a defence in terms of the merits of the case only as a last resort. The first thing for the properly advised defendant state to do is to plead that the Court has no jurisdiction. This is what Norway proceeded to do in the loans case. She argued, among other grounds, that the dispute was about a matter entirely within her domestic jurisdiction, that the loans were governed by Norwegian law alone, and not by international law, and that therefore this was not a dispute that came within the purview of the International Court at all.

But she could do more than this. She could insulate this argument from effective attack. For the reciprocity principle meant that she could, with France as plaintiff, use the French reservation against France, saying in effect: 'We really believe this is a matter of domestic jurisdiction but in any case it suffices that we now say it is'. It is, in the terms of France's own reservation, a 'difference relating to matters which are essentially within the national jurisdiction as understood by the Government of Norway'.

To do Norway justice, she pleaded the automatic reservation



only with reluctance, and described it as a subsidiary argument. But the majority of the Court decided very reasonably that, however subsidiary and reluctant the argument from the automatic reservation might be, it had been pleaded and it was decisive. In face of it the Court could have no jurisdiction and therefore the right course was to dismiss the case without considering other, possibly more meritorious but certainly more difficult, Norwegian arguments. The Court did not consider itself called upon to consider the *validity* of the automatic reservation, for this had neither been questioned nor argued by either party (naturally, for the one party had fathered it and the other was relying on it). So, said the Court, without prejudicing the question of validity, we give 'effect to the reservation as it stands and as the parties recognise it'.

### A British Judge's Opinion

It may well be that the majority of the Court were wise to avoid this question for the moment; but the main interest of the case is the individual opinion of the British Judge, Sir Hersch Lauterpacht, in which he argued very cogently that the automatic reservation, far from being decisive of the case, was invalid. It was invalid, he said, for two reasons. First, it was irreconcilable with the provision in the Court's Statute that 'in the event of a dispute as to whether the Court has jurisdiction, the matter shall be settled by a decision of the Court'. For the reservation stipulated contrariwise, that in the event of a dispute whether the Court had jurisdiction the matter should be settled not by the Court but by the reserving party. And if the reservation was contrary to the Court's Statute, it was invalid, for the Court cannot function except in accordance with its Statute. It was true that governments were free to make reservations in such a way that very little indeed was in fact left to the jurisdiction of the Court; but the question whether a particular case came within that little or not must be left to the Court.

Secondly, said Sir Hersch, apart from the provisions of the Court's Statute, it is arguable from general principle that a purported undertaking, the scope of which the party reserves the right to decide whenever the undertaking is sought to be enforced against it, does not amount to a legally enforceable obligation at all. For there is nothing to enforce. There is nothing to get hold of. There is no more than a form of words with an indefinitely variable content and with the right to vary it reserved, and flowing afresh for each case as it arises. Such a form of words may have political meaning but it cannot have any legal meaning. In fact it is a device for evading legally enforceable obligations.

Is there any escape from this formidable two-flanked attack on the validity of the automatic form of reservation? It may be said (and this is a suggestion made by Norway in the *Loans Case*) that the decision by a state whether the dispute is or is not covered by its reservation must be made in accordance with the requirement of good faith. There might be decisions by a state so manifestly wrong that they could be said by a court to be outside the limits of the discretion the State has reserved to itself.

### Practical Limits to Reservations

There is much in the argument politically. There are practical limits to what a government can afford to do. A government which has made a Declaration under the optional clause, even with an automatic reservation, has in fact limited its freedom.

But if the reservation is to be preserved from legal invalidity, it is necessary to be able to spell out of it some margin of jurisdiction, however little, that a Court could enforce; and it is not easy to think of anything that could not reasonably be said to be 'essentially' within a state's domestic jurisdiction: and it is inconceivable that a government's decision on the point could be so manifestly untenable that a Court could hold that it must have been made in bad faith.

For the difficulty arises not only from the reservation by the government of the right to decide for itself, but also from the fact that the category of matters so reserved is so elusive and undefinable. If a government were to reserve matters which in its opinion affected—shall we say?—its 'nationality', or its 'immigration policy', then clearly there is a category of matters which has some definable outer limits and in such a case there would be some ascertainable jurisdiction left in the control of the Court.

But if, to take a fanciful case, a government reserved anything it might when the occasion arose decide to be 'important', there would be no jurisdiction left to the Court which the Court could define and ascertain: the exercise of jurisdiction would in every case depend upon the will of the government in question.

Incidentally, something of the same sort of difficulty might be thought to arise in respect of the recently introduced United Kingdom reservation of a dispute 'which, in the opinion of the Government of the United Kingdom, affects the national security of the United Kingdom or of any of its dependent territories'. Politically, this seems on the face of it an entirely reasonable reservation. National security is a matter of which the government is sole trustee. It is a matter upon which an international court can in any case have no useful opinion. Yet this is precisely why it is not easy to reconcile this reservation with the Statute of the Court. For there is really nothing that could not at some time be said to affect national security; and whether this is so or not is a matter which only a government can judge. So the existence of jurisdiction in any particular case may depend not upon the decision of the Court but upon a decision of one government after the case has begun.

But let us return to the *Norwegian Loans Case*. If Judge Lauterpacht was right in his view that the French automatic reservation was invalid, what consequences flow from this proposition? Can one then simply strike out the invalid reservation, leaving thus an immensely enlarged Declaration of Acceptance far greater than any the French Government ever contemplated? Clearly not, for France only agreed to accept the jurisdiction subject to that reservation. In lawyers' language, the reservation is not severable from the Declaration of Acceptance of jurisdiction as a whole; and if not severable the only result of the invalidity of the reservation must be to taint the whole, and so render the whole Acceptance invalid and ineffective. Thus the result, in Sir Hersch's opinion, was that the Court was without any jurisdiction over the case, not because of Norway's invocation of the French reservation, but because France herself, having no valid acceptance of jurisdiction under the optional clause before the Court, could not begin to get the case on its feet.

### Rapid Erosion of Court's Jurisdiction

It may be as well to emphasise that the Court has not decided that the automatic form of reservation is either valid or invalid. On the contrary they carefully avoided making any kind of pronouncement that would fetter their future discretion. The British Judge's views, therefore, though cogent, may or may not be adopted by the Court as a whole in any future case. But whether the automatic form of reservation is held valid or invalid, the practical result in most cases will be identical: that the Court has no jurisdiction to hear the case. There are considerations of expediency as well as of legal logic that make it a matter of some importance by which route this depressing result is reached. But either way, the important fact is that the automatic reservation, rendered contagious by the reciprocity rule, is producing a rapid erosion of what little remains of the Court's compulsory jurisdiction.—*Third Programme*

The Hulton Picture Library has been acquired by the British Broadcasting Corporation. The library, originally known as the Picture Post Library, will now be called the *Radio Times* Hulton Picture Library. The library will be kept in Hulton House for six months and will then be transferred to B.B.C. Publications at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

## Light

A candle stump is all  
That is left of one  
That was so tall.  
But it keeps still  
The feathered sun  
A wick's white quill  
Is trimmed upon.

The real end  
Is not in sight,  
But we befriend  
This final stand  
That lets our night,  
A rose of wax, expand  
Into a taller light.

JAMES KIRKUP



# A Russian Rebel Philosopher

Reminiscences of Nicolas Berdyaev by EUGENE LAMPERT

**I**FIRST met Berdyaev at the age of seven in a German seaside resort, where my parents spent a summer with him and his family. He scarcely noticed me; he disliked children and never knew what to say to them. For my part, it was a formidable experience, and for many years to come my image of a philosopher was entirely Berdyaevian. I concluded that a philosopher must be very distinguished, aloof, fastidious, immaculately dressed with an almost modish elegance, and quite unintelligible.

This impression was only partly confirmed when I met Berdyaev again much later as a student in Paris. I used to visit him from time to time in Clamart, where he lived in a largish villa with his wife, mother-in-law, and sister-in-law. He kept open house every Sunday for the traditional protracted Russian tea parties, with innumerable glasses of tea, a variety of jams, and spontaneous and exciting conversation. Berdyaev himself was extremely hospitable in a generous but somewhat reticent and awkward fashion. He invited anyone who could be induced to come and many more came uninvited. But I doubt if he had a gift for human relationships or a judgement of people. It was a stimulating if exhausting experience to spend a Sunday afternoon and evening in Clamart; for me it was always like an intellectual feast.

When I met Berdyaev again in Paris I was struck by his nervous energy, his exuberance—an exuberance of the mind, not a physical one. He had great personal charm and distinction and a fine, softly delineated handsomeness that, in profile, suggested a head on a medallion. In speech he was restless and jerky, pouncing on ideas as they came up in conversation with the intentness of a cat. He was passionately interested in ideas, although in a special way, as grist to his own private mill, for he was a thinker with a strongly felt *Weltanschauung* of his own, reticent and diffident about everything except ideas. I am told that in youth he was a model *homme fatal*, attended by female admirers, brilliant in conversation, shocking in his paradoxes, and an aesthetic rebel against philistinism. He never lost his personal magnetism or his pugnaciousness, although he excluded anything resembling aggression from his personal relations.

Berdyaev came to Germany with a group of distinguished Russian intellectuals who were expelled from Russia in the early 'twenties and who represented that period in Russian cultural history which Berdyaev himself described, somewhat extravagantly, as the 'Russian Renaissance at the beginning of the twentieth century'. It was in many ways a remarkable if rather ephemeral period. It expressed a reaction from the gloomy iconoclasm, from the didacticism and utilitarianism of the belated Russian Enlightenment in the second half of the nineteenth century. In a sense it represented a typical statement of *fin de siècle* attitudes, containing the fastidious withdrawal from the outer world into a house which suited a cultural minority and from which daylight was excluded. It strained at originality; it lacked simplicity; it mistook coteries for grand patterns of the *Zeitgeist*, and discovered hidden significances everywhere. There was a pronounced tendency to somewhat murky eroticism used as a weapon against the bleak austerity of the preceding generation. Religion, whether in occult or in more traditional orthodox forms, was thought interesting instead of being of the accepted pattern of life.

Still, the period marked a new intensity in the intellectual climate and a search for new spiritual synthesis, a new richness of cultural experience and sensitivity. People discovered problems, symbols, and inner powers of which the later part of the nineteenth century had taken insufficient account. It was a time of great hospitality to ideas which coincided with a short-lived time of greater political and religious freedom. Soloviev, Russian symbolism, the religious-philosophical societies, Diaghilev, the famous art periodical *Mir iskusstva* and the Moscow Art Theatre were all part of this movement.

Berdyaev more than any of his contemporaries was a typical representative of the radical intelligentsia of the nineteenth century and yet at the same time a distinctly post-revolutionary figure. Almost all those who were in their day his friends or his enemies and appeared to be great men in their own fashion are now spiritually so remote as to be almost incomprehensible. Berdyaev showed a far greater response than any of them did to events outside him.

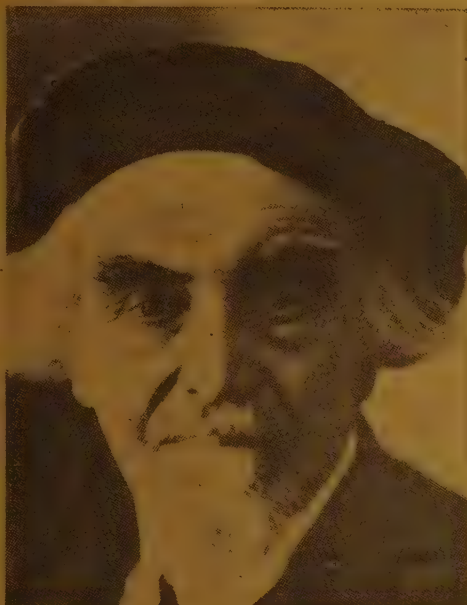
It is difficult to pin-point Berdyaev, for he was always moving a little this way and that. He was too paradoxical for those whose minds require the ease and order of a fixed mould. He was repulsed by closed minds, by the absence of doubt in believers who wear their certainty like armour; but at the same time he had a boundless passion for absolute truth, for the Absolute and the Unconditional. A French writer called him *un pèlerin de l'Absolu*.

As a result, his free-thinking and secular sympathies infuriated the ecclesiastics, while his mysticism annoyed the secularists.

Romantic, erotic, his nature was strangely virginal and dualistic. He decried flesh and sex but admired feminine beauty and read deep meanings into it. His enemies were orthodoxies, moral precepts, traditions, conventions, hierarchies, received ideas of all kinds; but he is very much in line with certain characteristic trends in Russian thought, particularly in his persistent concern with the problems of good and evil, in his moral and social preoccupations.

In his private life there were similar contradictions. He was fond of his family and his domestic arrangements, but held unconventional views about marriage and thought marriage and the family to be aberrations. He detested the whole bourgeois apparatus—money, social position, academic and literary success. But he had an enormous success, particularly in the inter-war years (there is hardly a language into which his numerous works have not been translated): he was mildly surprised at this success, but enjoyed it all the same. I have heard him plead passionately for the insignificance and unreality of time, and then suddenly stop and look at his watch with genuine anxiety at the thought that he was two minutes late for taking his medicine, one of many to which he was hypochondriacally addicted, fancying himself ruined in health—although in other, more important situations, he could be extraordinarily fearless and courageous.

I shall not attempt to give a complete survey of Berdyaev's thought, but I should like to bring out what appears to me to be the *idée maitresse* of his outlook. Unfortunately, rich in insight and suggestive though his works are, they reflect all the real or apparent contradictions which I have just mentioned, and they abound in obscurities of thought and expression. Thoughts are strung together in a continuous *non sequitur*. Yet they have a



Nicolas Berdyaev



kind of inward intellectual outline, and are expressed with enormous vigour and a personal tone unmistakable in any sentence. It is a picture of disorganised brilliance, opaque but exciting. Characteristically, Berdyaev seldom read his proofs, which serves to enhance the puzzlement in the reader of at any rate his works in Russian. I wonder how a discourse of this sort would stand a critical investigation that employed the techniques of an Anglo-Saxon logical analyst. Probably it would not. But any such purely logical assault would have left Berdyaev unperturbed, and would, perhaps, not get at the heart of the matter. For, though Berdyaev wished to be a philosopher, he was essentially a prophet, a thinker with a message. Professor Berlin has written somewhere that, though the Russians have had their full share of prophets, thinkers, critics, publicists, and revolutionary conspirators, there have been no Russian philosophers worthy of the name, that is to say, no people to speak of who engaged in a systematic enquiry into logical, epistemological, and metaphysical problems. Berdyaev is a case in point.

### The Divided Universe

For Berdyaev the universe was divided into two parts, somewhat in the manner of the old-fashioned duality of appearance and reality: the world of external objects, and of the inward, free, creative subject. The objective world pursues its indifferent, merciless course and crushes man. If the human self could be forgotten, the world would be what it tends to be for the mere scientist: a field of departmental investigation; or for the idealist philosopher who freezes life into absolutes and for whom history is reducible to an objective system. The point is that, in Berdyaev's view, the world, whether as brute empirical fact or as the sphere of compulsive metaphysical representations, is *de trop* for the human self, and the self is *de trop* for the world: and herein lies the perennial embarrassment and the tragic predicament of man.

Berdyaev believed the embarrassment to be inherent in the nature of man. It was the result of a tension between man's subjectivity and the objective world; this world depends on a continuous invasion of individual personality, endangering its identity, and, as often as not, succeeding in alienating man from himself. Berdyaev's works consist largely in an analysis of all the aspects of this invasion and in an impassioned plea for human personality.

Marx, or at any rate the early Marx, has used a concept, Hegelian in origin, which Berdyaev found immensely fruitful for his own discussion of the idea of objectivity: the concept of 'alienation'. Men turn or are turned into impoverished things, dependent on power outside themselves, on myths, obsessions, and idols which are of their own making but which acquire a compelling independent status: sometimes it is the authority of king or capital, sometimes it is the nation or the state, the collective, religious and secular alike, morality and law, or even the objectified God who rules over the lives of men.

Man strives to outdistance himself. It is this—the awareness of the illimitable unknown surrounding human life—rather than a desire to obtain security and confidence by uniting oneself with a supernatural being, that provides the force for Berdyaev's religious conviction. The greatest success of man's spiritual striving Berdyaev thought to lie in moments of creativity, in what he calls 'the volcanic periods of human existence', when life erupts; and man is committed continually to a fresh start, to a fresh look at reality. Nothing can be taken for granted. Berdyaev's true man typifies, as it were, Apollo's challenge to Marsyas to produce music after having thrown away his flute: he is someone who is a genius without a talent, because creation for Berdyaev is true to itself only at its moment of inception; it is a state, an attitude to life, without being an accomplishment. Such an insistence on the creative quality of a man makes Berdyaev the most renaissance-like, the most powerfully, even aggressively, youthful, adolescent figure in Russian intellectual history.

Sometimes Berdyaev leaves the impression of stimulating a mere cult of fierce, disturbing personal intensity—the reverse of Pascal's *le moi est haïssable*. But this is not so. He did not believe in the possibility of any escapes from real situations; he had no gift nor the will to relish failure and desperation, and, unlike many of his contemporaries, promoters of the 'Russian

Renaissance', found ivory towers uninhabitable. Nor did he resist the world because he was a 'debunker' by inclination. He resisted because he was not impressed. He blamed nobody, unless it be those who blame others, and condemned nothing which he had not experienced as a sentence in mankind's autobiography. Perhaps it was a case of being *in* the world but not *of* it.

### Inability to Sit on the Fence

In conclusion, I should like to say a few words about Berdyaev's attitude to revolutionary and post-revolutionary Russia, for it is his inability to sit on the fence that made him adopt the attitude which he did adopt but which exposed him to much criticism.

The most important and catastrophic historical event which Berdyaev witnessed was the Russian Revolution. Most revolutions produce little change, no matter what revolutions in technique, terminology, and verbiage accompany them. Classes, laws, institutions are changed, but not man. And Berdyaev often said that, as far as post-revolutionary Russia is concerned, the old Adam, in particular the Russian old Adam, was acting in it no less and not much more than anywhere else throughout history: someone always suffers, and that someone is individual man. He did not believe that the Revolution was splendid, or that the real or imaginary victory of the proletariat is necessarily a good thing. Soviet Russia for him was neither utopia nor hell on earth, but a bit or a great deal of both. At any rate he refused to apply to it, as to anything else, the mythology of the black-and-white which he was expected to do by his *émigré* compatriots: in them the Russian Revolution produced, more often than not, prejudices and hatreds of an almost paranoid intensity that, with time, ossified into habit and mental postures.

Berdyaev was far removed from propounding a necessary dialectic of history; but he agreed with Marx that, in point of historical fact, societies dug their own graves before revolutions everywhere; he considered reactionaries and propagators of counter-revolution to be mere practitioners of the world-wide search for scapegoats. He seems to have experienced the Revolution as the event in modern history that served more than any other to strip off the moral and religious pretexts that covered a naked and self-deluded society—not just a scandal or mistake, not a mere riot of desperate men or an alien occupation, but a kind of immanent judgement, a crisis (in the original Greek sense of the word), the great divide that marked the beginning of a new era.

### A True Romantic

On the other hand, having started his intellectual career as a Marxist, even if of a rather unorthodox kind, he never entirely stopped being one. At any rate he refused to take part in the favourite academic sport of burying Marx, and believed a strong temperamental and intellectual aversion from Marxism to be a handicap for understanding contemporary social problems. Moreover although Berdyaev was a sceptic in regard to utopias, he was not sceptical enough to wish to see the end of ideals or to look forward to a world in which nobody believes anything—a world of universal tolerance, where every solution is regarded with equal indifference: perhaps, because this, too, is a utopia. In the end, Berdyaev remained a romantic in the true meaning of the word: a *pèlerin de l'Absolu* for whom every finished product is unendurable. Human beings are said to be dangerous when they dream because dreams create an inflated, oppressive world. Yet Berdyaev believed, and said so in his autobiography, significantly entitled *Dream and Reality*, that to dream is the privilege of man who is not bounded or oppressed by what he sees.

—Third Programme

A new venture of Faber and Faber is the launching of a series of cheap paper-covered editions, reprints of worth-while books. An unusual feature of this series is that the books are not to be given uniform shape, type, size, or price; each one will have the style and size considered suitable to it. The field covered is wide; the first five titles which are now available are William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, J. W. Dunne's *Experiment with Time*, T. S. Eliot's *Collected Poems 1909-1935*, *Verse and Worse*, edited by Arnold Silcock, and *Who Moved the Stone*, by Frank Morison. All these are priced at 5s. each. A further seven titles will be published on August 15.



# Two Views on Divorce

A discussion between Canon T. J. FITZGERALD and A SOLICITOR

**C**ANON T. J. FitzGerald: I am sure you will appreciate that, as a Roman Catholic priest, I am here to defend the indissolubility of marriage and to oppose divorce. The teaching of the Catholic Church is quite simple; it is that every valid sacramental marriage contracted between Christians, that has once been consummated, remains indissoluble and can never admit of divorce under any circumstances whatever.

That seems at first sight a somewhat rigid attitude, but first I want to stress the word 'sacramental'. For the Catholic Church, marriage is much more than a purely legal contract, it is a sacrament, not in the somewhat irrational and—dare I say?—woolly attitude in which that word is used so frequently today, but rather in the sense that it is a source of grace, of spiritual strength, and that it is contracted in accordance with the laws of Almighty God. Rightly or wrongly, but nevertheless emphatically, we Catholics believe the law of God admits of no divorce, but we also believe that the grace of God which comes through the sacrament can give to Christians all the grace and strength they need to endure whatever hardships may sometimes arise because of this law. There are other reasons, too, which no doubt in the course of this discussion will emerge; but that is the situation.

On the other hand, I think it is important that I should add this: it does not follow at all from what I have said that we shall condemn those who disagree with us. We shall not even condemn those who, though agreeing with us, nevertheless find themselves too weak to live up to this ideal. It is no part of a priest's duty to sit in judgement on his fellow men. I myself in my time have been a prison chaplain; I have had to look after shoplifters, murderers, prostitutes, gangsters of all kinds. I condemn what they did: I do not necessarily condemn them. I have no knowledge either of the strength of their temptation or the resources that they have with which to resist them; my job is to be kind to murderers, even though I condemn murder; to be zealous for murderers, even though I think murder is wrong. In exactly the same way I can still be a kind and fatherly priest to men and women who are divorced and have remarried, even though I think that what they have done is wrong. Definitely I do think it is wrong and that is the attitude that I am prepared to defend today. That it will bring many difficulties in its wake I am fully aware: I am prepared to face those difficulties and still to proclaim that according to the laws of Almighty God a valid sacramental marriage contracted between Christians can never, under any circumstances whatever, be dissolved, even though the parties may be separated.

**A Solicitor:** Canon FitzGerald, I approach this matter as a practical lawyer; one who is concerned with ordinary human beings who have made unfortunate, mistaken, and disastrous marriages; and it is my belief that you ought to come out of the clouds—out of heaven, if you like—and down to earth.

I am going to give you some examples of the kind of marriages which it is my daily life, unfortunately, to deal with. Of course, most marriages are happy: we are dealing with the minority which are unhappy and which perhaps ought never to have been celebrated at all. I would like to start with the short marriages; those which never get going at all; those which, though consummated, in fact last barely a few weeks or a few months. The most absolute example of that kind that I have ever come across is a marriage which lasted precisely one night; in the morning—for reasons of which I am not aware—the wife left the husband and returned to her mother in the provincial city where she was brought up, and the husband never saw her again. Are you really going to suggest that that was a marriage which had been properly and validly blessed by God, and that that man and woman ought to remain married in name for the rest of their lives, though separated and never likely to see one another again?

Again, I bring to my mind a marriage which lasted four weeks, where the wife was young and inexperienced; the husband was unpleasant in his sexual appetites. The wife left him after four weeks, again returning home, and again the parties never saw one another again. Or there are the marriages which I will call, if you like, student marriages, where a young couple fall in love at a university or training college, marry most inadvisedly—English girls, for example, marrying foreign students who return home to their own lands where there is no likelihood at all of their ever being able to come together and make a home and a family in the way which we normally understand. Then there is that vast number of marriages, of which you must have great personal experience, where the marriage takes place to give the baby a name. The whole thing starts on the wrong foot and often a few months later, or a few years perhaps, the husband goes off again, or the wife goes off and the marriage breaks down and the parties again separate.

Is that a marriage which heaven has blessed, which should be allowed to exist for always?

There are other marriages which do start off all right but which go wrong after a few years, sometimes after many years. Sometimes one of the partners will persist virtuously for a long time until at last the human spirit is broken and a parting takes place. I know that you will say that the Church does not object to a parting, all that it objects to is a divorce and remarriage. But take the case of a woman who comes to my mind now—young, rather motherly, very sweet—who married an intellectual who was quite hopeless, who had no practical capacity whatsoever, who demanded of her constant attention, who feigned illness in order to obtain her sympathy, who fell over purposely in the street and elsewhere, who pretended to commit suicide, all in the presence of their young child. At last, that very nice young woman felt compelled to leave her husband and live apart from him. Why should she, still in her twenties, not divorce him—he who had fallen so absolutely below the proper standard of a husband—and meet somebody else and live a happy life later? Or, again, there are the persons who are hopelessly cruel to one another. I call to mind one woman who was actually assaulted in the railway carriage on her way to Margate for the honeymoon; such a marriage is hopeless from the very beginning and although the wife did persist for a time, eventually it broke down.

I suppose one might say that the general reasons for the breakdown of marriage are the three grounds which are normal grounds in English law: adultery, desertion, cruelty. Those three things really go to the root of marriage and break it down. The adulterous partner who leaves and lives away for years on end; the deserting partner who merely goes off—observes none of the obligations of marriage; the cruel partner—and cruelty is not only violent physical beatings but can exist in other ways, such as sexual perversion. Not always gross perversion but the minor perversions which eventually will drive a woman away from her husband; a kind of exhibitionism or a wish to spy on a wife, and things of that kind which I am sure you would not wish me to enlarge upon here. It seems to me that where these fundamental matters exist in a relationship between man and woman, one cannot really say that it is a marriage which has been blessed by God and ought to be continued to be blessed by Him. It seems to me better that the parties should be at liberty to dissolve their union and begin again elsewhere with better fortune next time.

**FitzGerald:** On that there are two preliminary things I want to say. First, we priests are as aware as you lawyers of all the difficulties and complications of which you have spoken. The average man in the street seems to think that the second name of any clergyman or priest is Muggins; it is about time he was disabused of the situation. All those cases that you have mentioned, all these hard-luck stories—and they are real, too—come



into my presbytery even more frequently than they do into your office; if only because, to put the matter at its lowest level, you can consult a clergyman for nothing but you have to pay a fee to the average solicitor. I am fully aware therefore—and not only I but the whole of the Catholic Church is fully aware—of all these hard cases.

The second thing, which I hope as a lawyer you will appreciate, is that hard cases do not make good law. Law has to legislate not for what is but for what ought to be, and to strive as far as human frailty can reach it to get all our people to do what they ought to do. In my time, as I have already said, I have been a prison chaplain; I have met therefore in my capacity murderers who murdered women that in my considered opinion ought to have been murdered if murder were permissible. But whilst I sympathise with them, whilst I wonder whether I myself would have been given the strength to refrain from murdering some of the wretched creatures that they murdered, I am still clear that at no stage in the proceedings ought I to say to them 'Cheer up, chum, you were quite right'.

That is the trouble about the supporters of divorce: they bring out these hard cases, and they calmly forget that such hard cases go on being multiplied and used for further grounds for divorce, undermining day by day and year by year the sanctity of marriage and the stability of marriage. But they fall apart from the first principle: what do you mean by marriage? Take, for example, your story of a young girl who is a university student and falls in love with a foreigner—or, for that matter, anybody else. I had from my parish a young girl who won an entry into university and she fell in love with somebody; she came to me to tell me about her love match, and I said: 'My dear, if you don't pack that right up now, I'll clip you one over the ear. You've been sent to a university with the sacrifices of your parents and the state's money in order to learn, not to fall in love'. I deny this business of falling in love; there can be passion, there can be infatuation, but men and women have got to learn to control that, and if in spite of all advice they rush into a rash marriage, one deplores the lamentable consequences, but they cannot get rid of them quite so easily and just say, 'this can't be a marriage blessed by God'. They chose with their eyes open; they took a risk with their eyes open; and sad though it is to see the consequences, they have made their bed and they must lie in it. That is for the rash marriage, what we may call the non-starter marriage, which in so many cases is due to the fact that neither Christian parents nor Christian ministers, for that matter, instruct sufficiently the young people who are about to get married.

Now we come on to your other group of cases, of the people who have made a 'do' of their marriage and then something goes wrong. You want me to say that in such cases we ought to call another wrong right, that we ought to deny God's law, that we ought to alter the law of the land—which at one time in this country was tied up with God's law—for after-all, as history goes, divorce is merely a modern innovation, and if it goes on as it is going on today it will not be long before future generations of England turn it down as being destructive of the social stability of this once great nation. You want me to say that I agree to the law being altered, to adapt itself to the wickedness or weakness of men, instead of saying that men must strive by prayer and self-sacrifice and generous effort to conform their conduct to the law of what is right. That I shall never say, nor will the Church to which I belong say.

A man has been given a standard of what is right and wrong, and he has sworn before the altar of God fealty to his partner—'I take thee to have and to hold, in sickness or in health, in riches or in poverty, till death do us part'. Why should I, because of his misfortune, with which I sympathise, agree that ought to be altered? Supposing he goes and lives with another woman? Bad luck, I will not sit in judgement upon him. I will give him all the fatherly sympathy that a priest can and should to a poor devil who goes down the drain before a temptation that he finds too strong. But the one thing I will not do, and I think that the best of Englishmen will not even want me to do, is to pretend that right is wrong and that by the simple adjustment of a parliamentary majority I can muck about with the laws of Almighty God; because I know, and he knows, and everybody knows, that that is something that we just cannot do.

**Solicitor:** If every man and woman in this country were Catholic or Christian there might be something to be said for your point of view, but you are not facing the facts. A large number of people in this country—probably the majority—are uninfluenced, or very little influenced, by religious conceptions at all. Furthermore, those who are influenced by religious conceptions can make mistakes, and in my view a marriage which breaks down was often a mistake from its inception. Whatever you say, unfortunately the fact will remain that marriages will continue to break down, and something has to be done with the results of those breakdowns.

Take again, for example, the practical considerations to which I keep trying to draw your attention. First of all, the children of a broken home. We all know that often those children end up delinquents. We all regret broken homes; we all wish that such things did not happen—but they do happen. What about the husband deserted by his wife? She goes off with another man; or goes off and leaves the children, to get a job. How is that man to look after these children? He can send them, perhaps, to a home maintained by a local authority or by a public charity, but more often than not he will want the society of his own children; he will love them and desire to continue to influence them himself. To such a man a woman in the house is a necessity: perhaps he will have a mother, a sister, an aunt, who is willing and able to undertake the care of those children. More likely, he will have no such person at all, in which case he is bound to take a housekeeper, and ten to one, that housekeeper will be, like himself, somebody whose marriage has failed, or who is a widow, or for some other reason is anxious to do household duties and to look after children. I am not thinking of the great houses, where a man and a woman can occupy separate suites; I am thinking of the ordinary villa in the ordinary small town of England, where they are going to be thrown together all the living hours they spend together in the house, and the chances are that that man and that woman—human nature being what it is—will fall in love with one another, will want to marry, will be tempted if they are not married to commit adultery.

If you do not allow remarriage at all, you will have a large number of bastard children born into this community of ours. I think that is going to happen whether you like it or not. You must consider not only the effect upon these parents, with whom you sympathise but for whom you will not allow second marriage; you must consider, too, the effects upon the unfortunate children born of illicit unions. The effects upon them can be disastrous: when they grow up and find out that their father and mother are not married, the effects can be psychologically significant. They can be most upset, and in extreme cases they can adopt the kind of attitude to life where they can trust nobody, not even their own parents—and, therefore, why bother?

Have you considered, again, what happens when there are large numbers of marriageable men and women knocking about the world, willing and able to marry as things are now, but under your system willing but unable to do so? Surely they are a threat to the stability of existing unions, particularly in modern society, where men and women are thrown together so much in offices and factories and places of that sort. Your attitude, far from supporting the sanctity of marriage, is likely in practice to lead to the institution of marriage being even more threatened than it is at the moment.

There is one last point that I would like to make, and that is the influence of the Welfare State upon marriage. Many rights, under various statutes, now depend upon marriage and widowhood. What is to happen to the woman who has shared a man's life for years and years, but because of your Catholic system cannot marry him, and although she has been his wife in everything but name and possibly has been a mother to his children, when he dies she is left without any support at all—not even a widow's pension?

**FitzGerald:** I have naturally been impressed by some of the things you have said, but take, for example, the problem you mentioned of broken homes and the social maladjustment to which it inevitably leads. That, I must concede, is absolutely true. I am, amongst other things, the manager of an approved school;



at the present moment, 72 per cent. of the boys that are in that school come from broken homes. I concede that that is a real problem, but I would like to ask you to concede too that equally, in reverse, there is the problem of the child of those who are divorced—the child that is torn with conflicting loyalties; the child that is miserably unhappy—chivvied and shoved around from the father to the mother. These children, too, can grow up maladjusted, even if they do not grow up delinquents. One has seen so much of that, where two people, having failed to make a 'do' of it, are prepared to let their innocent children be sacrificed on the altar of their own desires.

Furthermore, I will concede again—up to a point, but only up to a point—your problem of the menace to the stability of marriage with a whole lot of marriageable people around who cannot get married anyway. I will only concede it up to a point: first because, in the contemporary situation, I am prepared to say that no man's marriage is really safe when, in these days of lax ideals about purity, men and women seem to think nothing of the higher vows of fidelity. I think that the moment you introduce easier divorce, you make it much easier for the wife to surrender herself to her seducer, and for the seducer to muscle-in on the wife. That is my honest opinion. Furthermore, I will say this: that at all times the stability of marriage can be undermined, whether divorce or no divorce, because men and women are weak and they can easily be tempted. I do not think that necessarily the number of unmarriageable men and women legally will make that threat any greater.

Lastly, over your Welfare State, I would point out to you that I could not for one single second agree that a purely contemporary situation like the Welfare State, which wasn't yesterday, and for all we know to the contrary, may not be tomorrow, can influence

the final decision about the nature of marriage itself—indissoluble marriage.

Having made those concessions, I am going to make no others. I do not accept necessarily your low estimate of human nature. I agree that the proximity of a housekeeper in a small house constitutes a temptation to men who have got a housekeeper with whom they fall in love—just as the proximity of a housemaid in a large house, in the days when you had a large house, could constitute a temptation. That some go down, I admit; but that the overwhelming majority go down I deny.

Then, as for your multiplication of bastards—see the woolly attitude, as it seems to me, that the supporters of divorce adopt. On the one hand, they are terrified that people living in sin are producing bastards, and on the other hand, they do not seem to see that you cannot just alter sin by getting a parliamentary majority in the House of Commons to decide that for this reason or the other they will allow still further divorce. I know the anguish of the poor child when it grows up; I know the sorrow that comes to poor people when they discover they are born out of wedlock. But I wonder whether it is any less sorrow to them to know that they are not the child of the two parents that they have hitherto called dad and mum, but only the child of one, because the other parent was divorced. I do not think that the emotional tension will be any the less on that account.

Finally, I would say this: whatever the sorrow of the people may be, they know that a priest who teaches the indissolubility of marriage is teaching it, not because he is indifferent to the human problems but because he believes that God's law requires that marriage should be indissoluble; and not even for the sake of compassion with his fellow-creatures is he prepared to say that wrong is right.—*Third Programme*

## Ballad of the Last Night

Listen. The cruel sea has begun  
To unwind the threads that made us one  
And the tide creeps in but I cannot run

As cold green fingers press me through  
The whirling pools I was married to  
And the cliffs of fall swing into view.

It is tonight for my time and place.  
Although I am certain there is no trace  
On this mess of blood of a human face,

Feel how the dogteeth slide and slip,  
Without a jawbone they seek to grip  
On a carnal fact, meet lip to lip.

As the love and hatred that yawed apart  
Are pulled together and once more start  
To grind their mill in a human heart,

My substance holds on a single thread  
And the salt blood rushes into my head  
As the teeming sea gives up its dead,

Swells into fact and here congeals  
Upright and hard as the light reveals  
A shape of myself. The stern bell peals.

What was that great pain in my side?  
If from myself, myself divide,  
How shall I find you again, my bride?

I feel it quicken within the seed,  
My labouring dream, and the child I feed  
Beat out in numbers a human need,

One, two, three, and I'm gathered up  
By reins of blood to a heart-shaped cup,  
Jerked back where my lips and fingers stop

To a dining room and a crumpled bed.  
Now thin and cold from heart and head  
Words shuffle out. They must be said.

To lineal series, one by one,  
Subjected now, I take upon  
Myself what dreams have wished and done,

But for a moment seem to hear  
A voice that murmurs, 'You are near  
To me my child', then I am fear

And helter-skelter reel and rout  
Put on the heartbeat and the shout  
And turn my old dream inside out.

\* \* \*

Why do your eyes no longer shine?  
I cannot smell the breath of wine  
Or feel your body against mine.

If a bird is painted upon a wall  
And you shoot at it will the feathers fall?  
I cannot hear what you say at all.

But feel how the longings slide and slip  
On four black teeth and a withered lip  
And extend my fingers beyond their grip,

The commas and dots and the final stop.  
As the old dream lets my body drop  
Once again I am gathered up

By the cruel sea. It has begun  
To unwind the threads that made me one  
With the turning world. I am undone.

THOMAS BLACKBURN



# NEWS DIARY

July 30-August 5

## Wednesday, July 30

Western Germany and Greece decide to recognise new Government of Iraq

The Government publishes details of its plan to help areas where there is much unemployment

It is announced that the value of British aircraft exports in first half of this year reached record figure of £77,000,000

## Thursday, July 31

In his reply to Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Macmillan proposes that a special meeting of the Security Council, to be attended by heads of government, shall be summoned for August 12

Mr. Macmillan sends appeal to all Cypriots to put an end to violence in the island

It is announced that the State Opening of Parliament by the Queen is to be televised

Court of Enquiry into dock dispute opens in London

Dr. Percy Scholes, the music critic, dies in Switzerland at the age of eighty-one

## Friday, August 1

Britain asks the President of the Security Council to call a special meeting on August 12 at which members might discuss certain problems of the Middle East

The British Government recognises the Republic of Iraq

## Saturday, August 2

British troops carry out a big security drive in the Famagusta area of Cyprus

King Hussein of Jordan announces that the Arab Union of Jordan and Iraq has ceased to exist

## Sunday, August 3

Two British soldiers are shot dead in Cyprus

It is announced that Mr. Khrushchev spent three days in Peking conferring with Mr. Mao Tse-tung

Italy beats Great Britain in the European zone final of the Davis Cup for lawn tennis in Milan

## Monday, August 4

'Colonel' Grivas, leader of Eoka, issues a leaflet ordering a 'truce' in Cyprus until August 10

Americans land more tanks and heavy equipment in the Lebanon

## Tuesday, August 5

Turkish Cypriot resistance movement orders 'cease-fire' in Cyprus

More American support troops arrive in the Lebanon. Mr. Robert Murphy, President Eisenhower's special representative in the Middle East, speaks of conditions for withdrawal



British troops searching houses in a village near Larnaca in Cyprus for arms on August 1 after British soldiers had been ambushed in the neighbourhood. The weekend saw a further deterioration in the situation in the island with sixteen more murders, two of them of British servicemen. On Monday 'Colonel' Grivas, leader of Eoka, announced that in response to Mr. Macmillan's appeal for peace, he was suspending operations against the British and Turks. The Turkish resistance movement also ordered a 'cease-fire'



Princess Margaret speaking to an Indian Mohawk chieftain at Niagara Falls which she visited on August 1. She later left for Ottawa where she opened the new City Hall the following day

Right: two fine Chinese stone guardian lions which have been presented to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, by Sir John Ramsden. The lions, which have been placed in a position overlooking the lake, may date from the Ming period (1368-1644)



A float taking part in the procession during annual Battle of Flowers last week







Another photograph from Cyprus where inter-communal violence reached a new peak last week: the charred interior of a Greek Orthodox church in a village near Nicosia after it had been deliberately set on fire



Mr. Robert Murphy, President Eisenhower's special envoy (centre) talking with King Hussein of Jordan in Amman on July 30. Left is the Prime Minister, Mr. Samir Rifai

Right: General Fuad Chehab, Commander-in-Chief of the Lebanese armed forces, who was elected last week to succeed General Chamoun as President



Hampshire batting against Kent last Saturday during the match at Canterbury which opened the town's cricket week



The start last Sunday of the sailing race (for boats under 100 tons) from Brest, northern France, to Madeira. The 1,400-mile course takes about two weeks. The tall ships started their race four hours later



# The Problem of the Conurbations

By H. MYLES WRIGHT

**I**N recent years the comprehensive view of town and country planning has diminished both in policy-making and in taking decisions about particular cases. Planning has tended to slide back into its pre-war state of being a battleground for pressure groups; and government statements on matters of general policy suggest that this renewed fragmentation of outlook is due, at least in part, to lack of guidance from the Minister. I think it fair to say that for several years the Ministry of Housing and Local Government has appeared to have no policy for the solution of our most difficult town planning problems, but has confined itself to lubricating and dovetailing what has happened to happen.

Planners do not write their own instructions. Our work is concerned, for the most part, with certain land use problems of the middling sort. Big things are decided above our heads, or are left to decide themselves. The detailed layout and form of building works also escape our guidance in most cases — all the more since the planning authorities have now delegated more of their powers to county districts. So, in general, we are told to operate within a fairly narrow field. But we ought to try, every now and then, to educate our masters. In doing so it is our duty to look at the whole of planning as we see it, including both the problems commonly entrusted to us and those that are not; and this broad view must take account, first of all, of what I call the general social and economic trends of our time.

It seems to me that a number of powerful forces closely affect the use of land and the form of towns and buildings. These forces are too little considered in planning discussions, and even in official development plans. Yet, inexorably, they sweep us all along; moulding land uses and deciding to a large extent the place and patterns of new building.

I want to mention seven factors or trends which are among the most powerful ones at work today. First, there is the general demand for more space in and around buildings of all kinds; and, searching for more space, families and firms tend to move from central districts to the outskirts of towns. One may couple with this movement outwards the growing demand for one-purpose, one-floor, easy-to-run shops, factories, and bungalows.

Second, there is the attraction of the conurbations for the ordinary family man and the

ordinary firm. At present, roughly half of the population of England and Wales lives within about twenty miles of the Registrar-General's conurbations. There is every sign that conurbations will continue to grow in population or size or both. To this attracting power of the conurbations we may add one of its effects—

urban purposes. To this new agricultural strength one may add, as two rather quarrelsome room-mates, a widespread desire to preserve places of beauty and the determination of more and more people to use the countryside for their holidays.

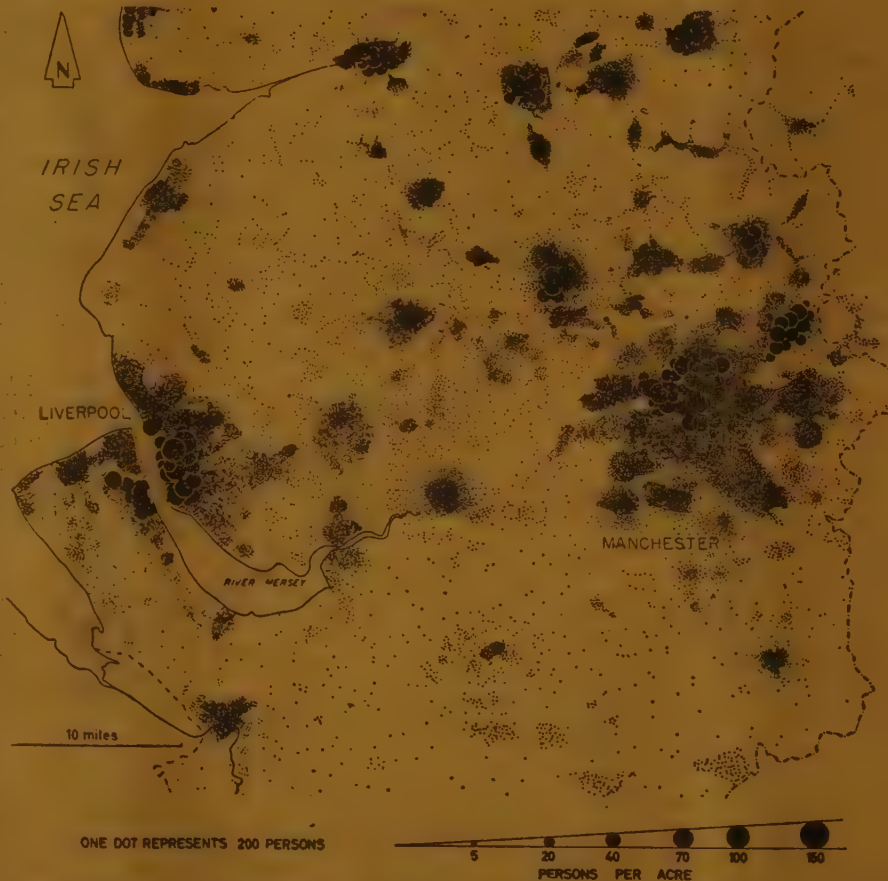
My list contains only two more items. To begin work about nine and end about five has now become almost a test of respectability in big cities. The familiar rush-hour loads on public transport and road communications have resulted. Last among the powerful influences of our time I choose the half-century trend of legislation and changes in social attitudes that have made it difficult for private enterprise to take part in schemes for the comprehensive improvement of parts of towns, or to continue to practise good estate management in urban areas.

Unless our masters appreciate these forces and their origins, and the relative power and justice of the demands that set them going, we shall not get far in guiding land use in the true public interest. With this in mind I want to look more closely at two of the seven forces—the conurbations and the encouragement of good estate development and management by many different agencies.

The conurbations and their rural fringes are the areas where the guidance of land use and the improvement of physical environment will

matter most to most people. I believe that the advantages of being in or near a conurbation, for the average family man, factory or business, are so great that nothing will stop their further expansion. The twenty-mile fringes—the Greenbelts Plus—thus become of the first importance. For every householder or business there are certain advantages in proximity on the one hand, and in dispersal on the other. There is strong evidence that, in our age, these opposed advantages reach equilibrium in or at the edge of a conurbation—an equilibrium in local dispersal and regional concentration. I do not see how one can otherwise explain the rapid growth and great power of conurbations or regional cities in a dozen countries.

It follows that the guidance of further development in and near a conurbation should be entrusted to a body owing allegiance to the whole conurbation. This seems to me indisputable. Railways, gas, and electricity are now regionally guided. Main roads, bus services, road goods transport, water supply, trunk sewers,



The distribution of population in 1951 near two clusters of towns that are now called conurbations: on the right is the Manchester conurbation; on the left, that of Merseyside

the drift of people away from isolated places.

The third factor, closely linked with the first two, is the increase in the number and uses of motor vehicles and devices for telecommunication. Our present 7,000,000 vehicles may double in number within ten years.

Fourth, a limited number of costly developments of new kinds or on a new scale have appeared in recent years: power stations, oil refineries, steel mills, and chemical plants. Each of these has such stringent siting requirements that it practically sites itself—and sometimes far outside that coffin-shaped area between Lancashire and Kent within which most of our industrial capacity has lain hitherto. The economic consequence of these works is so great that they brush aside conventional 'planning' objections. They may be growing points for a new industrial phase.

Next, we ought to note the re-emergence of agriculture as an apparently permanent and strong force in national life, willing and able to resist unreasonable claims on rural land for



and some other services are at least semi-regionally planned and guided. But when one turns to the many-sided activity of general building development—the one that sets all the others in motion—there is no conurbation view at all. Four, or even six, county boroughs are hemmed in by two or four counties; each county borough covets some sector of the rural fringe near it, and each county is on the defensive. Is this half-concealed war, with its frequent appeals to emotion, circumstances of long ago, and sectional interests, of benefit to the people who live there?

I do not think so. The car has given a multitude of people and businesses the chance to have the best of both worlds and they mean to have it—organised or unorganised.

The individual citizen's loyalties—whether he knows it or not—have become more and more regional, less and less local. Journeys to work, shops, and recreation have become longer and longer, and are now criss-cross as well as radial. When paying rates and filling up the electoral roll may be the only times that many citizens are conscious of the name of their local authority district. If the 7,000,000 motor vehicles reach 14,000,000 within the next ten years, regional interests will surely multiply and local ones still further diminish. The really important decisions about land use will be regional ones.

Three commissions are soon to try to recast the pattern of local authority powers and boundaries south of the Border. The Royal Commission on local government in Greater London is in fact already at work. If the commissions fail to take account of the new regional citizenship, town planners will be greatly handicapped in trying to improve environment in and near the conurbations. Let us make no mistake about that.

The conurbations are going to expand. Short-distance decentralisation is a success. Most householders who can afford it are doing it free of charge, and so are many businesses. Long-distance decentralisation, defined as the publicly organised movement of people from central districts to places twenty or thirty miles away, has been a failure in the sense that concerns us here. It has not reduced the number of people or the total of employment or the pressure on land within the twenty-mile rings.

Town and country planning cannot do a good job with limited manpower unless decisions can be taken at the right level: regional decisions at the regional level as well as local decisions at the local level. Hitherto we have had no regional decisions. For example, if the slum districts of Merseyside are to be rebuilt to reasonable present-day standards about 200,000 people will have to move out. That is roughly the 'overspill' figure. And since Merseyside suffers from unemployment, some migration to places where there are more jobs might be a good thing. But Merseyside is also a develop-

ment area, and since the war the Board of Trade has tried hard and successfully to provide additional jobs on Merseyside. It has in fact helped to pump into Merseyside new factory space for 60,000 factory workers—about enough to employ all the working members of the 200,000 people who, judged by environmental needs, ought to move out.

It seems clear that people will not move out of Merseyside while new jobs are coming in, and it is to try to solve major problems of this kind that I propose, as a first objective, that each conurbation and its rural fringe should be under the guidance of a single planning agency. After the war we thought that the big cities would be rebuilt fairly quickly and almost as



Near the centre of one of the big conurbations: part of Liverpool in Merseyside which is an official 'development area'

Aerofilm

compactly as before, and that any necessary overspill would be removed far away, to new towns or expanded small ones. We must now accept that the conurbations will tend to grow and that most of their overspill will have to be rehoused close to the parent cities. We need a careful regional allocation of land around each conurbation—between green belts, main roads, and new building. This ought to be done by an agency representing and responsible to the whole conurbation.

This planning agency need not be a new local authority ruling the same, necessarily very large, area. I visited the Ruhr earlier this year, and in the Ruhr a central association looks after major planning matters for 5,500,000 people in nine counties and eighteen cities—227 local authorities of all kinds; and has been doing so since 1920, save for the Hitler period. The regional planning agency of the Ruhr receives an annual sum per head of population from each local authority, and in its turn makes grants towards schemes of regional, as opposed to local, value. This agency's activities do not diminish the dignity or zeal for local improvement of great cities like Essen or Dusseldorf. Nor need that happen here.

My second proposal is at the opposite end of the town planning scale. It concerns the things the average man sees every day. It is that we should encourage comprehensive development by as many different agencies as we can. This is surely the only way to get a large number of good, new building projects and correspondingly less of the gappy, undesigned sprawl that comprises so much of new building today. This is by far the biggest failure of planning in the eyes of the responsible, and vocal, people who care about their surroundings.

The failure is the fault of the whole country. Houses are the most common kind of building; and to lay out houses or flats, gardens, roads, lamp-posts and bus-stops—all really well—requires a high degree of professional skill, and usually a long-term interest by the developers. Yet we have put large-scale developers, other than local authorities and a few government agencies, more or less out of business. Estate duties, the Rent Restriction Acts and the demands of local authorities for land, have broken up most urban estates. Building societies themselves are not allowed to build and their preference for freeholds as security for advances has contributed to the decline of leaseholds. Thus it has become the working rule of the great majority of private developers of land to build some houses, sell them quickly and get out—in fact it is their only way to survive. The private estates that still struggle to do things properly—such as the Calthorpe Estate in Birmingham—are very few.

As planners, it is our job to impress on our masters the need to alter this state of affairs. Improvement of our physical environment depends as much on detailed layout and design as on wise decisions about the use of land. To the member of the public who is interested in such things good layout is bound to mean much more. At present we are at an *impasse* in this vital matter. Planning authorities are unable, in most cases, to do the detailed design themselves. Nor can they force the average developer to do it as it should be done. There is a gap here through which has come much of our post-war ugliness in building and layout. We need to encourage more people to build on the right scale and to retain a permanent interest in the completed estates.

There are two ways in which this could be done, apart from setting up more new towns. One is the more extensive use of non-profit-making housing associations as an alternative to local authority housing departments. Second, and more widely applicable, would be the system by which an estate is most carefully laid out and all purchasers of houses on it then enter into an agreement to form a managing association. This association then looks after the roads, planting, and all open spaces other than the private gardens of the estate, and does so permanently.

—Third Programme



# Parachute Jumping at Sixty

By LEWIS HASTINGS

**I**F you were a scientific observer from Mars it might well strike you that one of the most surprising things about the human race—a thing that sharply marks them out from the rest of animal creation—is the way some of them deliberately cultivate discomfort: especially when the discomfort implies some measure of risk. You can see this sort of thing every day. Men cross the Atlantic in crazy small boats, they climb precipices, they drag themselves over Arctic wastes, they expose themselves willingly to dirt, cold, privation. No other sort of animal would do that.

Why do men do it? What for? I know there's a crisp answer in some cases: money; fame; the pursuit of scientific knowledge. But surely the fact is that for every outstanding pioneer who gets the cash and the headlines there are thousands who do not—ordinary chaps, who for one reason or another find their satisfaction in getting clean away from the comforts and safeguards of ordinary life.

What makes them tick? Is there some biological need at the back of it? Is there an idea, perhaps, that at times a man wants some reassurance about his capacity for hardship? Or is there a deep-seated belief that he who clings to life shall lose it; or, as the royal Scottish poet said:

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who will not put it to the touch  
To win or lose it all.

Anyway, the fact is, especially in these islands, that if for any reason you want men to come forward and endure heaven knows what tribulation for no reward whatever, they will turn up, they will be there, and you couldn't keep 'em off with bayonets.

That brings me to Ringway, the airfield near Manchester, which after miserably constricted beginnings and heartbreaking setbacks became the great training establishment for the parachutists and the airborne divisions. During nearly the whole period it was under the inspired leadership of Group-Captain Maurice Newnham—well I remember him at Ringway—and when I say leadership I mean every implication of that word. In three years more than 60,000 picked men completed their training under his supervision: not only British but Poles, Yugoslavs, Free French, Belgians, Dutch, Danes—the men who dropped on enemy territory in Tunis, in Sicily, ahead of our invasion in Normandy, at Arnhem, and in that last great victorious drop that crippled German resistance over the Rhine. Volunteers, every one of them, men who of their own choice picked the most hazardous—as well

as the most expeditious—method of getting to grips with the enemy.

Expeditious, yes. The Airborne corps might well have chosen for their motto the celebrated dictum of General Nathan Forrest, that homespun leader in the American Civil War. He had his own conception of strategy: 'Git thar fastest



Paratroopers in training at Ringway during the last war: learning to land after a drop from a training tower—

with the mostest'. What good horse-sense! Clausewitz in six words!

I fell in love with Ringway at first encounter. It had an atmosphere all its own. Perhaps I can get nearest to it by saying that it seemed to combine the feeling of a first-class regimental depot with that of an Alpine ski school in holiday time. Discipline as good as gold, but relations deceptively casual and friendly and unconventional.

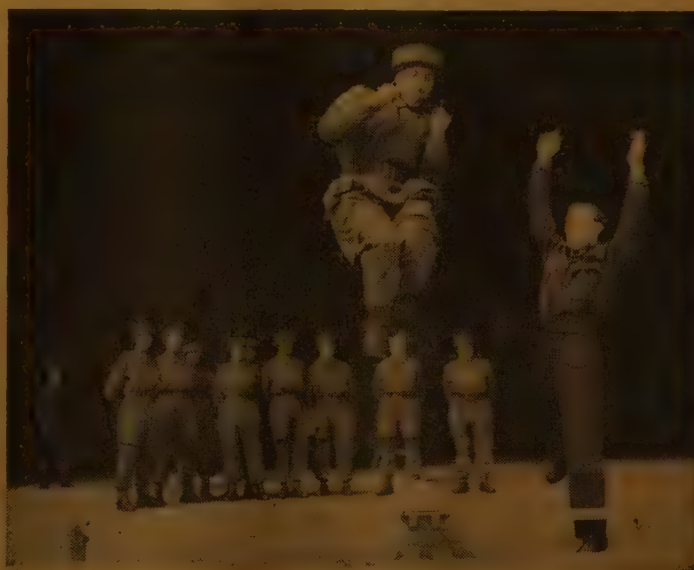
And what grand people were the young R.A.F. instructors! Each of these athletic young men had a persuasive way with him, but a word of command at the decisive moment that might have lifted the cork out of a bottle. And it was needed sometimes. There were casualties—bound to be—due to tangling of the rigging lines, or faulty exit, or what have you. These had their effect, but refusals became rarer and rarer as time went on at Ringway; undoubtedly owing to the careful handling of recruits by the instructors and the all-round high morale of the school.

What was I doing in that galley, one might ask? The answer is easy enough. I had been asked by Colonel W. A. Sinclair, in charge at the War Office of publicity in regard to airborne recruiting, to give one of my war-time broadcasts from Ringway—by way of encouragement, I suppose. Well, it would have been utterly revolting, I thought, to talk about such a thing as parachute jumping without having at least some personal experience. I put this up to the authorities and got their consent, subject to the usual condition of passing the physical examination. This gave me not trouble at all. But I was over sixty at the time, and I was warned that my age might be an obstacle. Nonsense, of course: so I took twenty years off as a compromise, and a very friendly M.O. agreed with me to call it a day.

So I became, for a short but memorable period, a parachute probationer or recruit. But I was under no delusions of grandeur. For me, to drop on the word of command out of a hole in a Whitley would be more or less the end of the exercise. For these others, these dedicated volunteers of the parachute regiment, it was a beginning. After that for them was the

root of the matter—combat warfare on the ground, usually at its hottest.

So with fitting humility, I hope, I was given the chance of taking part in some of the breaking-in exercises. Some of these took place in an enormous hangar fitted with exotic devices, where the work was mostly done not on the



—and practising landing and rolling, with a springboard

Imperial War Museum



ground but above it. 'The daring young man on the flying trapeze' might have been the trainees' theme song. But it wasn't. The special songs of the Parachute troops have to be heard to be believed. I wish I could quote a verse or two: but no, it can't be done.

One of the highlights of the proceedings, by the way, during this course was the customary lecture on the parachute itself, the eighty square yards of silk on which a man's life depended. This lecture was always given at Ringway by Warrant Officer Joe Sunderland. What a man! and what a comedian! Standing behind a long table displaying the extended parachute, he would address the crowd. Out would come a steady flux of technical and reassuring details about the strength, reliability, and utter perfection of the silken contraption, but punctuated every now and again by hoarse, side-of-the-mouth cracks of quite shattering pessimism. Howls of laughter greeted each of these prophecies of gloom. It was clear that nothing could do more to raise the morale of the class than Sunderland's gravelly voice insinuating that they were all a dead loss and had better go home at once. Something unmistakably British about this technique, I thought.

One experience I won't forget was watching training jumps from a captive balloon on a starlit night. I never met anyone who didn't hate performing that kind of romp, but from the ground it was fascinating: the opened parachutes floating down made luminous shadows against the sky. A high passing aircraft left vapour trails across the zenith, and these drifted with the light wind, so that one had the impression that Orion himself was on the move. I heard a man say: 'Even the blankety stars are airborne', and that seemed a just remark: the Milky Way in the picture along with the rest of the outfit.

In due course it came to be my time to jump. Not from a balloon, and not on to the hard ground, but into a lake—an indulgence given to short-term tyros for their first jump. There were two others with me on that occasion. One was Colonel Sinclair; the other, by an odd coincidence, my own nephew, Macdonald Hastings. No need to ask why he was there: I imagine Mac's unappeasable appetite for unusual sensations is now well-known to addicts of television.

There are more ways than one of decanting

oneself from an aircraft. The one used at the School was known as 'jumping through the hole', the said hole being an opening about three feet by three on the floor of a Whitley aircraft. Each of us had had a few hours' coaching in the hangar, and at any rate had some vague notion of how to make a competent exit from this hole in the floor. G. K. Chesterton once said that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing badly, and that's a consoling thought for the amateur at any time.

We each had our packed parachutes buckled on, as well as the Mae Wests, and so attained the embryo or cocoon stage of the parachutist; and then, swaddled in these monstrous envelopes, we stumped over the airfield to a waiting Whitley.

It was a cold, wet, and windy morning, and I'm not going to pretend that I found the whole procedure a piece of cake. To regard one's first jump with indifference would demand the emotional equipment of a cod-fish. I didn't so regard it; nor do I believe that anyone else does. I remember a story told me by one of the instructors. Just at the critical moment when one of his pupils was bracing himself for the leap he saw him snatch out his dental plate and ram it into a pocket. Then down he went. Later the instructor asked him why he had done this. 'I had to', said the pupil, 'those ruddy teeth were chattering'.

Well, the Whitley took off, and there we sat as it gathered speed, humped together just forward of the gaping hole, while the static lines were hooked up inside and the distant wet earth slid irrevocably backward.

Feelings? Well, mixed: definitely mixed. Lots of curiosity certainly, and suppressed excitement; a sensation rather like what you have when you step into the boxing ring for the first round, and under the skin, almost under consciousness, a small demon of misgiving. I had absolute confidence in the parachute in spite of Joe Sunderland—or perhaps *because* of him, I had a childlike faith in the instructor. I had much looked forward to this experience and had no doubt at all that I would jump when the time came. But there it was, this resented apprehension. I suppose what happens at these moments is that some wretched gland tries to flood your system with adrenalin.

But the antidote—that was there too. The drill. That blessed word, drill. Firmly I fixed

my mind on the drill. I might not make the perfect exit, but I'd have a shot at it. Then the moment arrived.

'ACTION STATION': roared the instructor from the other side of the hole.

(Legs over the side. Right forward on the edge. Hollow back. Clear the pack—press down with the hands, eyes on the instructor . . .)

'Go!'

I went. But I had imagined that the first thing I would feel in that plunge downward would be a sort of pull from the slipstream. Not a bit of it. Instead, it seemed only a fraction of a second before I was airborne, and with no more than the ghost of a jar. I looked up at that celestial and now billowing canopy. The sensation was marvellous. I remember that Oscar Wilde once said that swimming in warm Mediterranean sea made him feel 'slightly immortal'.

Slightly immortal: that is just how I felt under those eighty square yards of silk, while 400 feet below, the damp English landscape swung lazily to and fro. A wonderful moment. But, wonderful as it was, it was too short. With vaulting ambition I had planned to detach myself from the harness in the last few feet of the descent, as I had seen the real professionals do. But, through gazing too lovingly at the landscape, I misjudged the distance. The result of course was that I shot under water with all the aplomb—all the easy grace—of a ton of coal falling in a dock.

However, what matter? I'd had the experience. I was winkled out of the water by Newnham in his motor-boat, and soon I was enjoying what surely was the best cup of tea of all time at the hands of Mrs. Smalley, the parachutists' guardian angel, in her Nissen hut on the bank of the lake.

A day or two later, as I was leaving Broadcasting House, someone handed me a telegram. My daughter Anne had been married some time before and I had been told that what is called a happy event was expected hourly. So I opened the telegram with expectation. And, sure enough, there it was. Very laconic though: to be exact, just four words: 'Grandfathers don't jump. Anne'.

Well, that was one way of breaking the news of course. But I have some reservations about these flippant allusions to grandfathers. As a class, I feel they are underrated.—*Home Service*

## How to Develop Backward Countries

(continued from page 187)

particularly the United States. The United States Government could have stifled the Bolivian social revolution as easily as it subsequently did that of Guatemala. Nevertheless, counselled from La Paz by an exceptionally broadminded ambassador, it chose instead to recognise the new Government and to give it considerable economic and technical support. The United Nations, too, has been operating one of its major and most successful technical-assistance programmes in Bolivia under the new regime. I am not suggesting that Bolivia has consequently become an earthly paradise: there is still a great deal of confusion and economic distress, but one

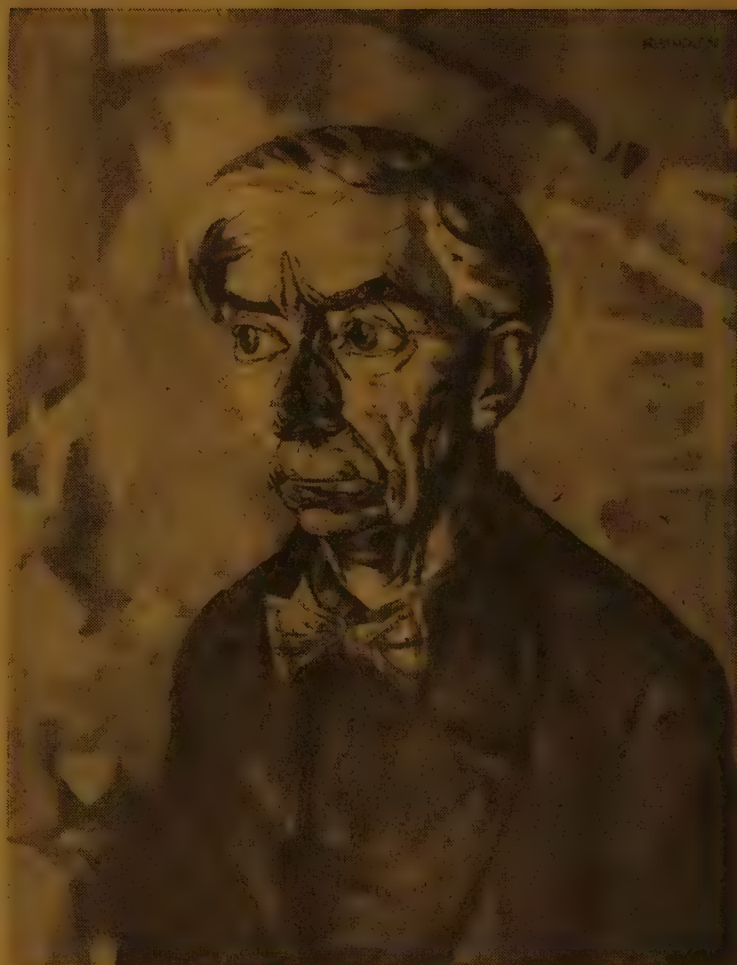
does get the impression that the country has now definitely started on the road towards real development.

May I suggest that what has just happened in Iraq should be considered in the light of the points I have been trying to make? From outside, Iraq has seemed to be a sort of development-planner's paradise. Money has been pouring into the state treasury from oil revenues, and much of it has been used to finance development. Every kind of foreign expert has been called in and vast engineering projects have been carried out. Our leader-writers have been expatiating on Iraq's 'unimagined prosperity',

and condemning the trouble-makers who have overthrown the far-sighted statesmen responsible for so much 'prosperity'. But Iraq is a society composed of individual human beings. Despite all the engineering projects, that society has not developed, and most of those human beings are still living and dying in poverty and degradation. If we are to avoid similar catastrophes elsewhere we must aim at the total and integral development of the societies we are trying to aid, and come to terms and co-operate with the new social forces which alone can steer their countries through the rapids of the inevitable social revolution.—*Third Programme*



# Round the London Art Galleries



Above, left: 'Paysage avec route montante', by Albert Marquet, from an exhibition of his paintings at the Crane Kalman Gallery where works by Jean Puy are also to be seen

Above: 'Portrait of Sir Herbert Read', by Bryan Kneale, from the Summer Exhibition at the Redfern Gallery

Left: 'The Dog', by Giacometti, from the exhibition of drawings and sculpture by Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, and Moore at the Hanover Gallery



# Letters to the Editor

## Evolution by Natural Selection

Sir,—Mr. N. L. Smith's letter, inquiring if a sufficient credit has been attributed to Bergson and his 'Evolution Créatrice', takes one back far into the past.

So far as I know Bergson's work has had no influence whatsoever on any field of biology, and is now, I had imagined, forgotten.—Yours, etc.  
London, W.C.1 D. M. S. WATSON

## The Dilemma of Security

Sir,—I must protest against the conclusion of Mr. Michael Howard (THE LISTENER, July 3), in his excellent discussion of the world situation in favour of 'cheap' nuclear deterrents.

I was impressed by his analysis of the present international situation, and it is encouraging to see that he discards the 'devil' theory of politics, where continual crises are produced by the uncontrolled power of wicked aggressor nations. His discussion of the fear arising from mutual 'defensive' weapons is also excellent. However, it is most discouraging that he feels it necessary to assume that we are to continue to have a chaotic world of nations striving purely for national self-interest—with each now armed (or soon to be armed) with the power completely to annihilate any opponent, or, indeed, the entire human race.

Can we not hope that before too long the peoples of the world will come to realise that we are one human race, and that we have one world to divide between us? Can we not hope that sometime soon it will be possible to develop a rational world economy, and to have local disputes settled by legal procedure rather than force? Are we always to live, and soon all to die, by the law of the jungle between nations? I do not see much future for our species, unless we cease to have our 'vital interests' limited by the narrow national point of view, unless we can give up the settlement of conflicts by force, and abide by the rule of some kind of law.

If this view is felt to be 'idealistic', it must be compared with the 'realistic' approach, which seems to lead only to real and complete destruction. For, unlike Mr. Howard, I see little hope that the use of nuclear weapons can be stalled off forever by mutual fear, especially when they are beginning to be produced in so many intermediate forms that the dividing line between conventional and nuclear warfare is rapidly vanishing. The current crisis in the Middle East, with all the world's nuclear forces being mobilised, is proof enough that small wars for national interests cannot be easily localised.

Mr. Howard may be content to live with a sword of Damocles continuously dangling over him, and to call this relative security. I, for one, want to see the threat of 'cheap' nuclear annihilation removed forever.—Yours, etc.

Putney, Vermont ROGER FRANKLIN

## 'The Merchant of Venice'

Sir,—So far from defending or qualifying his sweeping dismissal of Portia, Antonio, and Bassanio as 'prating humbugs', Mr. Henry Adler admits that his argument makes 'The Merchant of Venice' an artistic disaster. Not only is this play bad; so are any of the author's

others whose endings fail to harmonise with Mr. Adler's brand of social realism. He can account for them only by supposing that Shakespeare 'seeks to please the court by sycophantically writing those last scenes'. (But when he finds something to his taste, 'Shakespeare is caught in the toils of his own artistic integrity', is honest despite his venal intentions.) Any critic who thinks otherwise—or me anyway—is 'intoxicated with the poetry and wants us to take "The Merchant of Venice" purely as a parable of good and evil'.—I want nothing of the sort—and in putting in a word for Portia and company 'is allowing his critical judgements to be perverted'. All Mr. Adler proves by this sort of intolerance is that there is no place in his scheme of things for what he calls 'artificial comedy' and that aesthetic arguments make no appeal to a resolutely closed mind.

Can Mr. Adler really not realise that Shakespearean romantic comedy beautifully balances medieval myth-making and modern humanism in the Renaissance scales? Does he see no artistic merit in poetry that rises (and I mean rises) to a climax in which essential values shine clearly through characters transfigured in the light of allegory? Has he no sense of a dramatic development in which at precious moments of loving inspiration (Bassanio), by ordeal (Antonio), in an apotheosis of generosity (Portia) credible people momentarily achieve ideal heights of conduct—and take us with them? But Mr. Adler's class-conscious championing of the common man only results in reducing these characters to their lowest common denominator, after which he 'loathes' Shakespeare for their sake. He must also, I suppose, though he had no occasion to say so, take Jessica for a heartless little thief. I don't.

This correspondence began with a complaint that my reading of the trial scene was anti-Jewish and pro-Christian in a sense for which it was not fair to make Shakespeare responsible. One salutary effect of it has been to remind me that I neglected to read a little book on *Shylock* (Gollancz, 1947) dedicated to 'The Jewish Martyrs of the World Conflagration' and written by a German Jew who was also a literary and dramatic critic and, for some years, a solicitor: Mr. Hermann Sinsheimer. Having now repaired that omission I cannot do better than commend this generous-spirited work to anyone interested in the play and tired of this correspondence. I think it might be fitting to let Mr. Sinsheimer have the final words:

### On the bond:

Such sudden leaps out of reality fit the style of the Elizabethan stage, which was based on illusion. The truth of the action rested on the fantasy both of dramatist and theatre-goer, on a kind of tacit agreement not to let the rules and facts of reality interfere with the conduct of the play [page 98]. By this bond being so far removed from reality, Shylock as well as the whole proceedings are deprived of reality. Shylock becomes the impersonation of a myth of cruelty. This is the true Shakespearean meaning of the law-suit and of the verdict [page 99].

### On the trial:

... The poet—here, indeed, poet at his sublimest—elevates and transforms the theatrical

scene into something almost apocalyptic. It is inscribed: the Jew in court. Or even: the Jew on the Day of Judgment [page 136]. Shakespeare's vision of the Jewish situation make trial and judgment true in the highest sense. Never before or after was a law-suit conceived which, though farcical, is nevertheless realistic and true [page 137].

And on Portia:

Portia is the vision of a human being, of a humanity not yet in being and not to be expected ever to become reality. It is essential truth—dreamt by a poet—true in its idea [page 91].

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2 ROY WALKER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

## Cambodia

Sir,—Mr. Dao Huu Tuong, commenting (THE LISTENER, July 24) on my broadcast on Cambodia, does not either confirm or deny the entry of his country's troops into Cambodian territory. I had said that South Viet-Nameese troops had violated Cambodian frontiers. He does not deny it. He appears to say that pirates from Cambodia raided South Viet-Nameese territory and so the troops were sent in chasing them, but he hesitates to acknowledge it publicly. On the other hand he wants to give the impression that his country had committed no offence against its neighbour.

Until last year South Viet-Nameese papers used to say that communists were infiltrating into their country through Cambodia and thereby implying that Cambodia deserves punishment for such action. This year they say the pirates are raiding from across Cambodia. The best way of stopping infiltration or pirate raids is better border defence and not marching troops into another country. Mr. Tuong suggests that when the pirates cross into his country the troops there stay quiet, and after they have gone back the troops chase them marching into Cambodia. The truth about infiltration is that the Communist Party is banned in Cambodia.

It is not the first time that South Viet-Nam has sent such punitive expeditions into Cambodia. In March last year his country's troops had once before trampled over Cambodia. They had done the same in April 1956. On these occasions a government in Cambodia had just fallen or was about to fall in a few days, as happened in June this year. The coincidence appears calculated. South Viet-Nam has punished Cambodia in other ways before. Is Mr. Tuong aware of the economic blockade his country imposed on Cambodia in April 1956, knowing that Cambodia's only outlet to sea was along the Mekong, which flows through South Viet-Nam, and that such a measure would altogether cripple its economy? His country's newspapers keep on writing that Cambodian neutrality is a threat to South Viet-Nam's security. Does Mr. Tuong want to deny that?

I was in Viet-Nam, Cambodia, and Laos for four months last year. I am aware of Cambodia's weaknesses. But I cannot understand why South Viet-Nam has to step in every time there is a serious internal crisis in Cambodia.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

HARISH CHANDOLA



## DIARY OF A VOYAGER

## We reach the Gateway of India



As we entered the island studded waterway leading to Bombay's 70-square-mile harbour, I was presented with a most beautiful and impressive panorama.

Ahead to the left lay stately buildings, while to our right lay miles of docks befitting India's greatest seaport.

Bombay, known by the ancient Greek geographer Ptolemy, as Heptanesia, stands on what was once a group of seven islands. I remembered from my schooldays that Bombay, once Portuguese territory, formed part of Catherine of Braganza's dowry when she married Charles the Second. As this great city came in sight, I tried to imagine it as a small fishing village in those long-ago days when the British Crown rented it to the East India Company for £10 a year! The mail service between India and England was in John Company's hands until the 1850's when it was won by the P & O. I heard another interesting point about the P & O, that a Bombay weekly newspaper, "English Mail", first published in 1872 had to rely for its home news on the mail from England, and the regularity of that paper's publication must have been a feather in the cap of the mail service.

I gazed at the stately buildings along Marine Drive and was thrilled by the sight of the magnificent Gateway of India standing before me. Surely no one could wish for more blissful freedom from care and worry or for deeper comfort and better service than voyaging P & O.

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## This Week's Good Cause appeal

is to be made by Richard Todd on behalf of the Ockenden Venture, Woking, a pioneer project for the education and training in the United Kingdom of the children of the European displaced persons' camps. These children are mainly of Polish and Baltic nationality, many of whom were born in Nazi slave labour camps, some even in concentration camps.

The Ockenden Venture became a registered Charity in January 1955 and it has already brought 75 children to England but there is a growing waiting list of over 250 more, 70 of whom Dr. Lindt, United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, has asked the Venture to help.

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# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Writers at Work. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. Secker and Warburg. 21s.

'WHEN A LINE OF A POEM comes into my mind my hairs bristle so that the razor will not work'. 'To feel their thought as immediately as the odour of a rose'. 'Negative capability'. Critics talk much more intelligibly about the creative process, on the whole, than poets; but they have yet to say anything as important. We have raised criticism to a science, even an art; but its corner-stones are still the few well-thumbed, evasive tags let fall by Jonson, Coleridge, and one or two others. One recognises the greatness of what Aristotle, Arnold, and Saint-Beuve achieve. Keats' letters remain the horse's mouth. It seems extraordinary, therefore, that no one, between Boswell and the editors of the *Paris Review*, has made an attempt like this: a systematic campaign to force writers to talk, shooting key questions into the heart of their reticence, and carrying away the blood on a tape-recorder. Not all of these interviews were worth making, and not all of them succeed. But in all of them, writers talk about writing and themselves. No volume of criticism this year will matter half as much as these rambling, inconclusive conversations.

Most of the gold in them, it must be admitted, emerges as a by-product of mining for something less valuable. The editor of the collection, Malcolm Cowley, confesses that the prime motive of the series was probably to get distinguished names, whose services the editors could not otherwise afford, on to the cover of a new, precariously financed little magazine. The campaign grew systematic later; but even so its system is often misdirected. It seems to have been inspired by the underlying conception of the American 'creative writing' course. The authors interviewed are treated as visiting experts on the formulas, techniques, and most favourable physical conditions for authorship. They are asked whether they use friends as characters; how they write; whether it hurts. We learn that Thurber composes mentally at parties; that before each novel, Simenon gets a clearance from his doctor; that Faulkner considers the only essentials for writing to be food, tobacco, whisky, and a desk. There is a lot more practical discussion of this kind, as diverting as it is useless.

The quest for interest seems to have misled the editors in other ways. They fail to realise that in matters of this kind, the platitudes of the great weigh more than the brilliance of lesser men. The only real giants interviewed are Forster, Faulkner, and Mauriac. The editors seem interested chiefly in fiction; but it is a curious selection of living writers which excludes Auden, Pound, and Eliot, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams, Graham Greene and Malraux. Moreover, the series began in 1951; which means that it has overlooked irrevocably Shaw, Colette, Claudel, and Thomas Mann. The presence of Moravia, Capote, and Françoise Sagan scarcely compensates for such gaps.

The interviewers could have been more stringently selected. Many of them sound much too young, and ludicrously solemn. But in most

cases, this has forced the writer to be kind to them, and serious. And in any case, triviality and naivety matter as little here as what was said in the first miraculous years of wireless. These are the men and women, their very selves and voices: E. M. Forster, shyly trying to explain the presence of the festival at the end of *A Passage to India* ('I needed a lump, or a Hindu temple if you like—a mountain standing up'); Dorothy Parker, bitter, brilliant, and despairing in a New York hotel room ('I'm not going to write those *he-said-she-said* things any more, they're over, honey, they're over'); Faulkner, gently playing to his questioner, on reincarnation ('I'd want to come back a buzzard. Nothing hates him or envies him or wants him or needs him. He is never bothered or in danger, and he can eat anything'). This is what Shakespeare's silence starved us of. The criticism of our period will have to start from here.

## An Introduction to the Arts of Japan By Peter G. Swann.

Oxford, for Bruno Cassirer. 45s.

In this country many of us have long tended to believe that the colour print was synonymous with Japanese art. The Japanese exhibition at present in London has opened many eyes to the absurdity of this belief, and now Mr. Swann, who writes with knowledge and authority, has opened up for us a whole new world of beauty. The aim of the book is to put before us a clear and simple exposition of the development of the arts of Japan. In this the author succeeds admirably, though some parts of the book betray over simplifications, and in others opinions are expressed without those qualifications which perhaps the serious student would like to see.

Mr. Swann has been wise to admit the possibility of over simplification without making any apology for it, beyond suggesting that his book omits more than it includes. This is inevitable and must in fact be welcomed by those making their first acquaintance with this remarkable art. The author's real appreciation of the art in no way blinds him to the less pleasing aspects of Japanese character, and its expression in painting especially. The contradictory qualities of a national personality are coolly set out and we are left, with certain guidance by the author, to make up our own minds; but clearly the very nature of this contradictory personality, in its expression in visual terms, gives the arts of Japan their unusual quality and charm. All through the book the native sense of design and the perfection of technique are emphasised in such a way that at the end one is convinced that no other national art can be compared with it on the same basis. Is this a good thing?

Although Japan owed much to China and many people feel that Japanese art is a facile and wishy-washy imitation of that of China, one feels after reading this interesting and valuable book, that even if the debt to China was real, the art of Japan is a unique expression of a national character, which has virtually nothing in common with that of her vast continental neighbour. The illustrations, of which there are a large number, are very well chosen, many

of them previously unpublished, and the short bibliography is a most useful one, all but about half a dozen books being fairly easily available. Mr. Swann must be congratulated on an eminently readable and useful introductory study.

## The Fearful Choice. By Philip Toynbee and others. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Philip Toynbee is among those who are so obsessed by the horrific and evil nature of nuclear weapons that they advocate complete nuclear disarmament by the West even if total subjection to the U.S.S.R. and communism should be the result. He states the case with much force and some emotion in the first part of this little book; in the second part he prints the comments of twenty-two prominent people; of whom Mr. Richard Löwenthal makes the outstanding contribution; in the third part he replies to his critics.

Moral and practical considerations are all mixed up together. Nuclear warfare would be such a total evil, argues Mr. Toynbee, that nuclear weapons could never with propriety be used. Since their possession implies the possibility of their use, possession is likewise evil. No evil, not even Russian occupation, could be as great as nuclear war. Therefore there is no point, and no virtue, in the possession of nuclear weapons and they should be abandoned.

This argument is unsound. It rests upon assumptions of certainty in human affairs which are not valid. It is not certain that the possession of nuclear weapons must lead to nuclear war. It is not certain that the renunciation of nuclear weapons by the West would make their use less likely. But in the absence of certainty the stark moral issue disappears and the argument becomes one of judgement and opinion as to the course of action most likely to avoid the disaster of nuclear war which all alike abhor: in this framework of reference the degree of immorality of Russian policies and intentions becomes again a factor to be weighed.

The crucial question is then what courses of action are best designed to minimise the likelihood of nuclear weapons being used. To this question Mr. Toynbee hardly addresses himself. It evidently involves much wider perspectives than those of the nuclear weapons controversy alone, but even in that limited context one major desideratum is pre-eminent—that nuclear weapons should be possessed by as few states as possible. So long as Britain makes her own nuclear weapons, and particularly the thermo-nuclear weapon, there is no possibility of dissuading France or Germany or Sweden from developing theirs. But a world-wide agreement to restrict manufacture of the H-bomb to the United States and the U.S.S.R. might be possible if Britain were to renounce hers. And Britain's security would thereby be in no way lessened since the purpose of the thermo-nuclear weapon is not to use it (for that would be suicidal) but to deter someone else from using it.

The United States' possession of this weapon either will or will not deter the Russians from using theirs. In either case Britain's possession of it is irrelevant. Moreover if she were to rid



herself of this incubus, her influence within the Western alliance would be increased rather than diminished, for she could set in train a rationalisation of arms production and of manpower contributions to the alliance which would produce genuine interdependence in which the voice of all would have weight. This would seem to be the rational line of advance, a line of advance that would minimise the economic burdens of defence, would be politically possible and advantageous, and would be a step away from the nuclear madness against which Mr. Toynbee rightly rails.

**The Independents in the English Civil War.** By George Yule. Cambridge, in association with Melbourne University Press. 21s.

Historians are fighting the Civil War all over again, sometimes with more enthusiasm than the original contestants could muster. The storm that has blown up over the gentry has directed attention to the obscure but evidently important part played by the Independents. But who were they? Whom, if anyone, did they represent? Where did they stand in religion, in politics, in society?

These basic questions are asked by an Australian, Mr. George Yule, in this stimulating book. His answers are, perhaps, tentative but may lead to depression in some quarters. The views of a number of historians are closely examined, but inevitably it is Professor Trevor-Roper's plausible identification of the Independents with his 'country-house radicals', the declining gentry, that gets the largest share of attention. Apart from difficulties of definition, this thesis is confronted by a variety of objections, not all of them as obvious as the lack of co-operation of the royalist gentlemen of the economically backward north and west. Mr. Yule, for example, is able to show that many of the Independent leaders in parliament—even after the crucial year 1647—were certainly men of considerable substance. (Rather more mere gentry, it is true, were to be found among the Army Independents, but some of these were hardly gentry at all, a point worth more consideration than Mr. Yule gives it.)

It is curious, too, that some of the lesser gentry dropped out of affairs at just that moment when their kind of world seemed to be in the making. Nor were the Independents exclusively a country party, as the Trevor-Roper case would seem to demand, but at all times they had support from some great London merchants and citizens, men not easily dismissed as slick townsmen taking advantage of the restlessness of country bumpkins. No one who has made an analysis of alignments in the localities will be surprised to learn that Mr. Yule can trace no hard and fast 'sociological' line between the Independents and, say, the Presbyterians. Nor does he find Independent policies consistently holding to that decentralisation which Professor Trevor-Roper puts forward as the essence of the programme of the declining gentry.

The fact is the Independents, like any other group in the Civil War, were 'a composite party' with any number of religious, political, social, and, Mr. Yule might have added, constitutional outlooks. What, then, did they have in common? Little more, he suggests, than 'a desire to win the war and to gain some degree of toleration'. A tame conclusion, but one that does something

to clear the air. 'Pressure groups such as the Independents acted in and were occasioned by the much smaller setting of local and personal loyalties', Mr. Yule goes on. This is true. That setting requires further investigation and useful starting points are provided by detailed lists of Independent supporters and ministers.

One major criticism must be made. This book has been in the press since 1954 and yet the proof-reading has been appallingly bad. That irritating time-waster '*op. cit.*' is used with utter inconsistency. Note 7 on page 102 reads 'F. Rose-Troup, *op. cit.* p. 449'—there is no other reference to this work in the entire book, not even in the scrappy bibliography. On page 26 we are referred to a non-existent work. A single article by Mr. W. L. Sachse (surname twice misspelled) is given four different titles, one ludicrous, and in the bibliography is assigned to the wrong volume of *The American Historical Review*. There is a number of slips—the trial of James Nayler is, for instance, credited to the first Protectorate Parliament. There is no index. Surely we are entitled to something better from two learned presses working in co-operation.

**So Great a Mystery**

By Kenneth Walker. Gollancz. 18s.  
**The Flame and the Light**

By Hugh I'Anson Fausset.  
Abelard-Schuman. 25s.

**Buddhist Wisdom Books. Translated and explained by Edward Conze.**  
Allen and Unwin. 13s. 6d.

Since we first began to use the word religion in the plural without embarrassment (which is not so very long ago), there has been a broadening stream of books charting the new-found but ancient territories of religious experience. In the resultant criticism of Christianity its proselytising mission comes heavily under fire, and yet how often the result is the preaching of some other faith or philosophy with a comparable zeal for conversion.

Mr. Walker, a surgeon whose idealism will not allow science the last word, does not intend this. Mr. Fausset, brought up in a clerical home, does. His is not the rationalist nor the anti-rationalist revolt, but the search outside Christianity for the satisfaction of a religious instinct which never felt at home there. Both are led, in sharing their adventures with a 'popular' audience, to expound some of the chief Eastern scriptures, with the *Bhagavad Gita* in the central position, and in both cases approached preferably through the interpretation of Sri Aurobindo. Mr. Fausset writes with grave and compelling sincerity of his own acceptance of the Eastern Masters and of the lifelong path by which he has reached it. Mr. Walker casts a wider net, and his clearest and best chapters are the early ones in which, leaning somewhat on Gurdjieff, he sets forth a critique of consciousness, the different ways of knowing, and the mystical element of religion. Both draw freely, Mr. Walker heavily, on the great anthology of thought on these matters. It is curious, since the writings of Maurice Nicoll are well known to both, that notions of time are so little explored in either book.

Readers to whom the oriental scriptures are only vaguely known may hesitate between these two new guides, both stimulating, neither entirely satisfying. For the committed, or the

scholar, Dr. Conze is today the most reliable English expositor of classical Buddhism, as distinct from the smatterings of Zen and Suzuki that are said to appeal to the 'beat' generation. In his new translation, with commentaries, of the *Diamond Sutra* and the *Heart Sutra*, Dr. Conze claims no original contribution but only the service of putting within our reach, on the basis of the most recent research, two texts, perhaps sixteen centuries old, which from Sanskrit beginnings have become the ultimate in Mahayana wisdom in northern Asia. Though chary of verbalising the ineffable, he is impatient of unnecessary riddles, and his own labours justify his defence of the commentary tradition: 'The Sages of old have thought it worth while to attempt the impossible, and some good will perhaps come from making their work available to the distracted world of today'.

**The Celts.** By T. G. E. Powell.

Thames and Hudson. 25s.

Spectators at Twickenham are likely to agree with Ephorus, who, writing in the fourth century B.C., regarded the Celts as one of the four great barbarian peoples of the known world. They will also find much truth in Strabo, who described the whole Celtic nation as 'war-mad, and both high-spirited and quick for battle'. It is the survival in the present of a tradition stretching back into pre-history that makes Mr. Powell's survey immediately interesting. Celtic literature, as he points out, is the oldest in Europe, after Greek and Latin. From these writings, from ancient historians, from the evidence of archaeology, and from modern philological research he builds up a picture of the Celts of antiquity.

A study of the Celts is of prime importance in any appreciation of European origins. Our earliest historical knowledge of them is dependent on the observations of their literate southern neighbours on the Mediterranean, from Herodotus to Julius Caesar, whose campaigns eventually deprived them of their independence. Archaeology has established the rich life of the Celts in pre-history as the first great European tribes north of the Alps. The contrast between their war-loving nature and the sensitive abstractions of La Tène art foreshadows a much later contrast between militarism and aesthetic skill in the same regions of central Europe. Their homeland seems to have been in the Upper Danube region, but they are found as far afield as the Iberian peninsula and Asia Minor (where the Galatae, as a Christian community, eventually received the famous Epistle). Their bands reached as far south as Sicily and even sacked Rome in about 390 B.C., while in the Balkans they became known to Alexander the Great during his campaign in Bulgaria. In war and peace they were prominent Europeans and left their memorials.

In this book the available material is skilfully compressed and arranged in three main sections. 'The Celts in Life' deals with the physical and temperamental characteristics of the ancient tribes, their rural economy, social organisation, and art. In 'The Celtic Supernatural' the author discusses their ritual, their sacred images and enclosures, the druids, and the tradition of oral learning. 'The Celtic Survival' examines the Celtic legacy to later Europe through the nations on the north-western periphery, to whom, in spite of the retention of ancient



languages and institutions, 'the name Celt can no longer be applied in any proper historical sense'. A valuable feature of the book is the

collection of plates showing early inscriptions, sites, and archaeological finds, all closely related to the text. This fine piece of scholarship is a

welcome addition to the 'Ancient Peoples and Places' series. It is also a typographical delight, and praise is due to the unnamed designer.

## New Novels

*Taking it Easy.* By Edward Hyams. Longmans. 16s.

*A Tribe of Women.* By Hervé Bazin. Hamish Hamilton. 13s. 6d.

*The Visitors.* By Mary McMinnies. Collins. 18s.

*Mary Ann.* By Alex Karmel. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

ON the title-page of Mr. Hyams' excellent novel is a quotation from Conrad: 'Woe to the man whose heart has not learnt, while young, to hope, to love . . . and to put his trust in life'; and the story tells of such a man, drifting along from one situation to another through sheer unwillingness or incapacity to do anything else. He allows his wife to be enticed away by a business tycoon whom he knows to be dishonest. Highly intelligent and qualified to take a place in the world, he turns his back on it and labours as a market gardener. He has an affair with a slut, and does nothing when she kills her husband with parathion taken from his own shed, stifling his conscience with specious arguments about Society and war and nuclear fission. Weakly making a telephone call on a tapped wire to oblige a homosexual under surveillance, he renders himself liable to disgrace and imprisonment. Thus he lives from one predicament to the next, all brought about by his belief that the easy way out is the best, if not the only, one. With it all, Mr. Hyams succeeds in making him strangely likeable as a person, humane and fundamentally right-minded; and round him he draws a brilliant picture of contemporary London.

The author clearly knows far too much about all sorts of people for their peace of mind: one can imagine the crimson faces and aggrieved ejaculations as certain parties turn his pages over. Particularly enjoyable is his thoughtful little study of the coterie magazine *Prospect*, with the homosexual editor and his *bande* all chattering their brainy nonsense as they dispatch the brandy and champagne provided by an admiring sponsor; and his lethal description of the Junoesque Mrs. Topgood, anthropologist, poet, ethnologist and indeed intellectual of all work, quite at home in *Prospect* circles, 'in her queenliness *primus inter pares*', who 'could pity another woman for a vice or misfortune nobody had known her to be afflicted with, more effectively than anyone I had ever met' and still contrive to see herself as 'a servant of mankind, a dedicated woman'.

He deals as faithfully with big business, its Public Relations pundits on the one hand throwing out their rosy mists of high-minded clap-trap, on the other its Efficiency Consultants recommending the sack for a middle-aged man with an invalid wife and four children. And there are individuals too who touch a responsive chord: there is the soulful, liberal publisher with the ah! so acute commercial brain, there is Mr. Justice Llewellyn-Jenkins who often displays more zeal than discretion in his efforts to make the front page, and other dear old bug-bears whom it is a pleasure to find in such capable, trustworthy hands. In fact there is almost nothing and nobody we deplore in the London scene that cannot be satisfyingly identi-

fied, impaled on the barb of Mr. Hyams' irony, in this delicious book. With *Taking it Easy* he has made a big step forward, if not indeed an alluring fresh start, as a writer, and I look forward to his future work with impatience.

When nuclear war has passed over our heads and the earth is a wilderness, I believe that in some cave there still will lurk a French novelist, writing about a man who married a woman and seduced her daughter. It is a pity that Monsieur Bazin should have fallen back on this worn theme, for his novel, admirable in many ways, gains nothing by it. The tribe of women he draws so well are an attractive *divorcée*, Isabelle Duplon, her tomboyish daughter Isa, who tells the story, Berthe, her younger, feeble-minded child, and Nathalie, the old housekeeper and nurse, who rules them all with a rod of iron. They live in an old family house, crumbling and mortgaged, outside Nantes, and Isa's passion for this house and its ancient garden, rank in neglect, and the waters, meadows and woods of Loire Maritime around it is beautifully told. Isabelle secretly marries her lover, Maurice, a rising lawyer, and springs her marriage on the others as a *fait accompli*, bitterly offending Nathalie in her religious sentiment and domestic supremacy and antagonising Isa, who feels that the bond with her mother is broken.

The persecution of the intruding male by this redoubtable pair as Monsieur Bazin, that specialist in malevolence, describes it, is painful reading; and to pile agony on, Isabelle falls ill of a fever and her beauty is destroyed by lupus, while Isa succumbs to Maurice's animal charm and becomes his mistress, remaining so until Isabelle's death: a solitary death which, with the days that follow and the pitiful, hasty funeral from which the local *bien-pensants* remain away, is the most moving episode of the book.

Maurice, having failed to get Isa for his wife, takes himself off to Morocco, and the others resume their tranquil routine with the addition of Isa's illegitimate child, who, to the pleasure of them all, is a girl. Monsieur Bazin knows a good deal about women and is even aware, as are few of his sex, of the joy and relief they experience when left to themselves without men. His Isabelle and his Isa are both true people, and the devoted, cross-grained old peasant Nathalie who, like a bulldog, intimidates with her facial expression alone, is splendidly done. It is perhaps unfair to criticise a translation without having read the original; but as an old admirer of Monsieur Bazin and in the light of texts that I know, I cannot think this version by Richard Howard has done him justice.

Whether we care for *The Visitors* or not, we must at all events award its author a prize for industry, as it runs to 576 large pages of small

print. In the heroine Milly Purdoo, wife of a Press Officer working in what I take to be Cracow—for some reason imaginary place-names are used throughout—Mrs. McMinnies owns to having been 'consciously influenced' by Madame Bovary; but to keep the reader interested in a silly, greedy, selfish little woman for so long one probably has to be Flaubert. When the author writes a straightforward description, of a holiday camp for workers, or a peasant at home in his cottage, or a gathering of the diplomatic in Warsaw, she does it very competently; but she concerns herself mainly with Milly, with her dealings in the black market to get the cash for her finery and with her efforts to ensnare Abe Schulman. Abe is an American journalist who has 'cheerfully committed all the peccadilloes of his profession—forgery, perjury, plagiarism, theft, as and when expedient'—in passing, it would be interesting to know what Mrs. McMinnies would consider as the pressman's *pecados mortales*—but he's a white guy all the same, he is fond of Larry Purdoo, and anyhow he has got the length of Milly's foot. The question of whether Milly is to bed with Abe or not would be a slender enough core to any book of this size, but against the tragic setting of Poland today with its terror, distress and privation, its triviality becomes offensive.

*The Visitors* is offered as a serious work and the claim is put forward that Milly comes within 'respectable distance' of Flaubert's Emma: in fact, it is the kind of book to appeal to impassioned readers of the glossier women's magazines.

Mr. Karmel's *novela* is refreshingly brief, taut, crisp and without a word too many. He tells of a girl raped one night in a park in New York by a man whose face is hidden by darkness. After a period of collapse she takes up her life again until in the Subway one morning she sees a maniac shoot first a woman and then himself. The sense of the world's violence and evil overwhelm her, and she begins a flight from it and from her own identity, leaving home without a word and living in a tenement, supporting herself as a clerk in a five-and-ten store. The other clerks dislike and torment her, for she cannot bear human contact, either the mental contact of speech or the material presence of bodies near her. Her plight grows worse until she tries to end it by jumping into the river; but she is saved by a workman, another lost soul, who brings her home and cares for her, a loving gaoler, until she becomes his wife.

It is a curious little book, the author's first, highly original and written with great sincerity: the happy ending seems contrived, but the squalors of New York and the miseries of Mary Ann are entirely convincing.

HONOR TRACY



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television-Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Cinema without Queues

IT HAS BEEN a crowded week on Channel One: a Festival of B.B.C. documentaries; a revival of the first classic of the genre, Flaherty's 'Nanook of the North', still unsurpassed after thirty-six years for the beauty of its photography and the love and patience with which its heroic story unfolds. Also from America came an up-to-the-minute report on Kuwait, a place fantastic enough to merit every adjective the dramatic 'March of Time' technique can bestow: in fact this film was a model of efficiency, streamlined, objective and logical in the way its material was organised. To show us that, the B.B.C. nobly sacrificed one of the most interesting of its own revivals; but we still saw plenty to the Corporation's credit as the largest documentary producer in Britain. All the films were new to me. I particularly liked Denis Mitchell's imaginatively composed 'Night in the City', with its enthralling gospel-hall sequence—the hysterically sincere testimony of the saved, the laying-on of hands, the crutches abandoned by the wall. If the B.B.C. gets that other channel, we might have the armchair equivalent of a good London repertory cinema all the year round.

'Children on Trial' (Crown Film Unit; producer Basil Wright, director Jack Lee) gave an optimistic, perhaps slightly propagandist view of the work done by approved schools. But it was done with an expert dramatic sense, and held our interest by concentrating on one boy and girl. This film was moving as well as enlightening because we got to know Shirley and Fred: they began as faces in the crowd, typical case-histories, but ended as individuals. We were glad when they made good and got decent jobs, and only hoped they would not be going back to the grim streets where the trouble started.

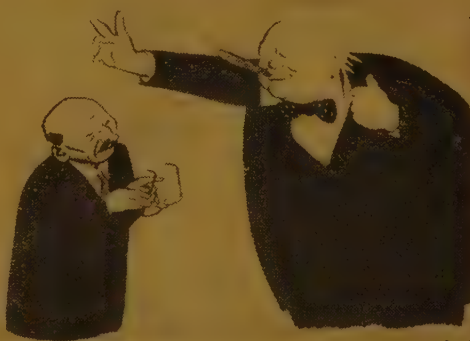
Wednesday's programme on Southampton had some worthy material, but it plodded rather, and suffered from indecision about what to concentrate on. We got the *Mauretania*, an inadequate glimpse of the great new civic centre, Fawley refinery, Norman walls, and, for some reason, people doing ballroom dancing: it was nice to see the inhabitants enjoying themselves, but

they might just as well have been in Bristol.

Before the documentary cameras started turning, the eyes and the pencils of the great cartoonists provided a reflection of our society and a creative, if deliberately distorted, commentary on it. 'Black on White' (July 27) was a history of the English cartoon from Hogarth to Low. This material, depending on line, not colour, transfers ideally to the screen. Cutting and close-ups were very well handled; William Alwyn's crisp piano score and Alistair Cooke's lively commentary kept things moving briskly. When we reached



'Fred' before the court in the documentary film 'Children on Trial' on August 1



Low's cartoon of Lord Attlee and Sir Winston Churchill shown in 'Black on White', a 'cavalcade of caricature', on July 27

the Edwardians, old newsreels were skilfully inserted to show us what the world drawn by Beerbohm, Phil May, and Will Dyson really looked like. But there was far too much to fit into half an hour: it might have been better if Mr. Read had not tried to produce a complete illustrated catalogue and had concentrated on a few major figures: in particular, I should have liked more Gillray; the dramatic power of his work came over superbly in close-up.

A new series, 'Living with Danger', got off to an exciting start on Friday with the story of the stunt-men, the people who stand-in for the film stars when the rough stuff begins. Temperament, experience, and skill minimise the risks of this profession but can't remove them. You couldn't help being interested in the odd ways people

choose to earn their living, but it struck me as an uncomfortable comment on our insatiable demand for violent realism that we require of our film actions which the players themselves dare not perform. This programme ended with some dare-devil motor-cycling and crash-driving: at least these hell-riders perform before an audience and receive acknowledgement for risking their lives. All the same, they seemed to love the life: I suppose, in our cushioned welfare age, some people need an outlet for their sense of adventure and an alternative to dullness.

The rush and turmoil of all these different ways of living came to a point of rest in last week's 'Lifeline'. After hearing Monica Baldwin and Father Triffit discuss life in enclosed religious orders, I began to wonder if it wasn't the rest of us who have turned our backs on the real world. Their quiet talk didn't make monasticism seem escapist, but a way of community-living as against our hectic individualism. The discussion was prefaced with a powerfully exotic excerpt from the film 'The Lost Continent', showing the initiation rites of a young girl entering a Buddhist order. As the naked razor scraped over scalp and eyebrows, I felt a sense of actual pain, a compulsive identification. The shaven head symbolised, of course, the vows themselves, which are, Miss Baldwin said, like a sword cutting off the will; and the point of the introduction was no doubt to remind us that monasticism is not just a western institution. Presumably, however, no film exists or could be made of a Christian nun or priest taking the vows. I hope this was not an example of Western patronage, the treating of a non-Christian religion as a piece of anthropological documentary.

K. W. GRANSDEN

## DRAMA

### Welcome to G. W. Stonier

SUNDAY-NIGHT'S PLAY, 'The Royal Family of Broadway', known twenty-four years ago as 'Theatre Royal', seemed cliché-ridden. One knew that in the piece by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman the triumphantly theatrical Cavendish family of New York would go on being theatrical till they dropped and that



Monica Baldwin, a consultant psychiatrist, and Father Triffit in 'Lifeline: Silent Order' on July 31



grandma would indeed drop at the final curtain. One knew that daughter Julia would not marry the millionaire but wear grease-paint till the end, and that the grand-daughter, having married, would maintain one foot on the stage as well as another on the hearth. Yet, though all was obvious, it was far from being tedious.

Eric Fawcett's brisk production brought the right air of clatter and confusion to the Cavendish household where the reporters are banging at the door and the telephone is a continuous buzz. The 'brouhaha' effects were excellent. Particularly striking was the performance of Patricia Neal as Julia: she charmingly mingled grace with the cynicism of her role. Fay Compton, as the old lady who would fight her way from bed back to Broadway, gave the part a hard majesty and some sweetness also. The wayward, sex-appealing son is presented by the authors as an outsize absurdity and Peter Wyn-garde did not mitigate the man's ludicrous antics, which jar with the comparative realism of the rest. Here was farce colliding with comedy, and the collision, though not fatal, was a mishap.

In James Bridie's 'Daphne Laureola' (July 31), produced by Peter Dews in the Midland studio, Diana Churchill followed Dame Edith Evans, no light assignment. Felix Aylmer, following himself, bettered, if possible, his own performance as Sir Joseph Pitts, the aged,

was suitably bewitched as the amorous Pole, but handicapped by the fact that Bridie gave the man too much to say of the same kind of thing. Fred Fairclough made an admirable figure of Gooch, man of Yorkshire and of the world. It is an odd as well as a brilliant play with its ups and downs of excellence. Why did Bridie, having made Lady Pitts arrange her mad tea-party, bring all the guests on and then give them so little to do and get rid of them so quickly?

It is good to have such a writer as G. W. Stonier contributing to television. In 'The House Opposite' (July 29) he chose to be grim and it is easier to be grim than gay. Corpses are easily come by: but Mr. Stonier was not being gaily grim in the

familiar corpse-and-cop, 'who-dunnit' manner. Nor did any Grand Guignolish nonsense spoil his story which was full of genuine horror. Old Mr. Anderson, once a sahib, now retired and dying in comparative poverty, lies, after a stroke, selfish, helpless, and irritable. He nags the daughter who slaves for him. Alan Webb gave a haunting performance of this half-pathetic, half-maddening creature, plagued by the flies and the poverty of Mean Street in a heat-wave, seeing no escape, and remembering in a wander-witted way his years in the East when he had been a free man ordering others about.

Something is going on outside. Crowds gather. A murder in the house opposite? The bed-ridden wretch cannot see, but wants to know. The daughter's secretiveness is infuriating. She has good reason to be reticent. A hunted



Scene from 'The Royal Family of Broadway' on August 3, with (left to right) Eira Heath as Gwen, Patricia Neal as Julia Cavendish, and Fay Compton as Fanny Cavendish

man, who has killed an intolerable wife, is her lover. Can he escape from his crime? Can she escape from this service of a whining, grudging father? Can the father escape from the prison of his bed? We are left with one capture and two continuing incarcerations.

There was unrelenting veracity in script and performance. The piece was true television, not a play photographed. It ran without padding for the length it needed, forty-five minutes. The daughter was played with terrifying quietude by Jessica Dunning, and the murderer in a brief appearance was made a pitiable specimen of the unromantic by Richard Leech.

Before that, Sid Caesar, who owes much to the admirable co-operation of Imogene Coca and Cliff Norton, had played an invisible violin, told a bankrupt board of film directors how to sell pictures, and impersonated one of the figures that jig about hourly outside a medieval, mechanical town clock. These demonstrations of Caesarism showed versatility and the possibilities of being funny without labouring to look funny. A mildly enjoyable half-hour. Television Music-Hall (August 2) had not only Richard Hearne in his best form: Peter Jones struck a new note with his engaging chatter and any new note in the music-hall programmes is rare and precious.

IVOR BROWN

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Holiday Fragments

A GOOD PORTABLE radio, which lacks furry noises and which does not need to be turned up so loud as to be anti-social, can give radio drama an exciting nuance in the holiday period. When Mr. Val Gielgud's production of 'The Persians' was repeated in the Third a few weeks ago I took my portable into Kensington Gardens and lay on my back under a tree. I had enjoyed the production at first hearing, but the theatre of a public park and the timelessness of the tree above me were less distracting than the quiet of my living-room. The production was made unforgettable in this rather unusual setting.

The most fragmentary offering was 'A Glimpse of the Domesticity of Franklyn Barnabas', by Bernard Shaw.



Felix Aylmer and Diana Churchill as Sir Joseph and Lady Pitts in 'Daphne Laureola' on July 31

ruminating, common-sensible, moribund millionaire. Rightly we saw much of him solo in 'close-up' photography. Here were Bridie and Aylmer both at their best and the actor's finesse and his timing of his farewell commentary on life and love could be more intimately and poignantly conveyed by the camera than on a stage at some remove.

Diana Churchill was, I thought, badly treated by her producer. For the many moods of Lady Pitts she had a subtly expressive facial play, but, while she was speaking, the camera was too often focused on the young, romantic Pole who becomes rather a bore. After all, Lady Pitts has the title part and Miss Churchill, though she could not be Dame Edith, could, and did, give a most arresting performance of an unhappy and whimsical eccentric. She might, perhaps, have been more queer and ecstatic in the brandy-swilling of Act I, where she demonstrated an astonishingly strong head for strong drinks. Harry Lockart



'The House Opposite' on July 29, with Alan Webb as Mr. Anderson, Jessica Dunning (standing) as his daughter Mary, and Vi Stevens as Mrs. Ferguson



Shaw divides people violently, and I must own up straight away to the fact that this production took me back to those dreary school play-readings when the boy with the least histrionic voice was given the task of reading those long Shavian stage directions. On this particular occasion the stage directions were in fact made human by Mr. H. A. L. Craig, but the reading rather than acting voices of the cast failed to bring alive a play that was, in Shaw's own admission, still-born. Hearing this meticulous reading made one realise that Shaw's attempt at a portrait of G. K. Chesterton in the character of Immenso Champernoon was bound to fail because Chesterton himself was a better stage character in life than even Shaw could ever make him in fiction.

The second play which I would call fragmentary was 'River Engagement', by Morvan Lebesque, which was translated from the French by Mr. Donald Watson and produced by Mr. Norman Wright. It told the story of a packer in a department store who decides not to go to work because he has decided to say 'No' to the automatic life he is living. He wants to question the life that his father-in-law accepts, and the greater part of the piece, which was quite short, is devoted to a duologue. The theme with which M. Lebesque was dealing is worthy of a play of far greater length, and it seemed that he only began to scratch at the surface in this work.

Taking one day in the life of several people in a Lancashire street in June, 1921, was, however, a very different thing. Mr. Bill Naughton did this in 'June Evening', and the success of his work, which overheard the inhabitants of the street in the throes of a lock-out, a strike, and the losses and winnings of Derby Day, brings up all the old questions about the definitions of radio drama. This was not called a play in *Radio Times*. It was called a story. To the purists it was not a play and it was not a story, either.

The microphone popped in and out of the two-up-and-two-downers, listened to children singing play songs with Dianic origins, heard old women dream and complain, miners curse the hard times, witnessed the birth of a baby in a house where the roof leaked. The listener was made peculiarly aware of the reality of life in those hard bitter times. Each scene was a small play in itself and contained its own climax, and the effects at the end with the water dropping into the bucket created that cooler catharsis that radio is sometimes capable of.

The third fragment in the week was 'Under the Loofah Tree', by Mr. Giles Cooper, who offered us the illusion of a man dreaming and being pestered in his bath. It opened with a gurgling of bath water which seemed to lack volume control. As the dream characters who visited his mind—his old headmaster, his old sergeant, a radio quiz-master, his parents, and others—were speaking through filters I had to keep adjusting my volume control to avoid being left alternately deafened or without intelligible voices. Thanks to a ready hand on the volume I was able to come to the conclusion that Mr. Cooper had once again shown his mastery of the medium.

Edward Thwaite, played by Mr. Hamilton Dyce, is no great man, but he enjoys all those dreams of greatness that we never admit to outside the steamy confines of the bathroom. Mr. Cooper not only gives Thwaite a Walter Mitty dream of heroism when his very ordinary bather imagines that he has won the Victoria Cross during an unremarkable war service. He also shows Thwaite as a man whose fears are greater than he would publicly admit. At one moment he sees himself taking part in a radio quiz; at another he tries to drown himself. At the end, however, he merely gets out of his bath,

having taken, as his wife had said he would, 'too much hot'.

This review would not be complete without a short acknowledgement of the very capable performances of Miss Gladys Young and Mr. Laidman Browne in 'Clementine', which was a novel by Winston Clewes adapted by Mr. John Keir Cross. Miss Young's wit is fabulous.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Mass Media

LISTENING ON THE SUFFOLK COAST is rather different from listening in London, for in East Anglia one is exposed to frequent interruptions from foreign stations. One is indeed made free of the air, and the isle is full of noises that steal about one's ears—though not always giving delight, for Ariel's empire is too often disputed by Caliban. On Tuesday evening, as I listened to Mary Crozier and Professor William Elliott of Harvard on 'The Listening Habit' in the United States, their voices came to me literally on waves of sound which tended to fade out at each crucial point in the discussion. True, Professor Elliott's voice had to cross the Atlantic. But as he spoke of recent attempts to raise the standard of television features by occasionally introducing an unsponsored programme, he was drowned by encroaching waves of hot jazz on an adjacent wavelength—as clear a statement of the position, perhaps, as what I had hoped to hear him say.

In spite of these difficulties, I gathered that there is a growing feeling in the States that vulgarity and foolishness on television screens has gone on long enough and that 'given a chance many people would actually enjoy something better'. This, however, involved 'educating our masters', that is to say the big advertisers by courtesy of whom the rock 'n' rollers and the crooners, who sound as though they have such a bad belly-ache, are put on the air. It is too soon to forecast an actual reaction against the continued dissemination of Hollywood values on 'telly', but evidently an increasing number of people in America are listening to programmes from small broadcasting stations which put out records of serious music, even though they listen to them while driving at seventy to eighty miles an hour along those straight, interminable roads from one State to the other.

Mass media were again the subject of discussion in 'Dead or Alive?' in the Home Service on Wednesday, a programme compiled by Paul Ferris from the recorded views of angry young men, politicians, journalists, and others. The programme would have been more exciting had all these been allowed to get at each other and argue the matter out. Nevertheless the panel itself was a varied and interesting one and included, among the angry young men, Lindsay Anderson, maker of documentary films, Stuart Hall, West Indian editor of *Universities and Left Review*, and Lord Altrincham, editor of *The National and English Review*. Among those for the Establishment were Herbert Gunn, editor of the *Daily Sketch*, and several Labour and Conservative M.P.s.

It was maintained, on the one side, that most ideas as put out today by the mass media of press, radio, and television are so trivial, insipid, and conformist that listeners and viewers have sunk into the conditions of a great passive consumer mass. As for the politicians, they have come to regard the electorate as television audiences before whom they are called upon to display their personalities. The others thought that was nonsense, and Herbert Gunn, speaking for the popular press, claimed that the concern of most journalists was to discover and present the truth, irrespective of the needs of their largest advertisers. Alan Tarrant, an Independent

Television producer, declared that 'telly' in the hands of intellectuals would be death; while Edward Masters, a Labour councillor, thought that in the pages of the popular press and on television the working class were becoming vocal at last. Lord Altrincham complained of the prevalent disease of 'occupational smugness', and said that any criticism of the Establishment nowadays was liable to be stigmatised as 'un-British', which was itself a most un-British attitude. Mark Abrams, the sociologist, attributed much of the 'anger' of the young we hear such a lot about to the disappointment of middle-class left-wing intellectuals with the working class for not coming up to their expectations, while to Lindsay Anderson the most hopeful feature in the present situation was that he had been invited to give his views at all.

Paul Ferris wound up by saying that doubtless it will all come right in the end. The only thing that seemed to worry some of the others was whether, in this age of the hydrogen bomb, there will be time for everything to come right before the end comes—when, presumably, it will not matter either way.

The Third on Thursday evening gave the first of two programmes devoted to the poetry of Vernon Watkins with a remarkably impressive performance of 'The Ballad of the Mari Lwyd', a rather grisly poem in which the Dead return on New Year's Eve to importune the Living. Both Dead and Living spoke their lines with a fine articulation.

PHILIP HENDERSON

## MUSIC

### From Glyndebourne and the 'Proms'

RICHARD STRAUSS has lately received such a dressing-down in Joseph Kerman's *Opera as Drama* that I hardly like to sully this page with his name. Mr. Kerman, however, takes the view that after 1910 Strauss became an extinct volcano, and that nevertheless this moribund mountain contrived to erupt something as thoughtful and enjoyable as 'Ariadne auf Naxos'. I should have thought that Mr. Kerman, whose chief virtue is that he is interested in the fundamental principles of operas as an art-form, would have been particularly attracted by the Prologue to 'Ariadne' and still more by 'Capriccio', in which these principles are discussed and set out in dramatic form with great skill and charm.

So far as I am concerned, 'Ariadne' as performed at Glyndebourne continues to exercise its fascination, even though in certain respects this year's performance was not quite up to the standard of the past. But that standard was set so high that it obviously could not be maintained through the changes and chances of a varying cast. So, if Helga Pilarczyk did not move us quite so deeply in the part of the Composer by sheer beauty and expressive colouring of voice, as Jurinac or Söderström, she still gave a performance that would have done credit to any opera-house. Rita Streich's Zerbinetta, though disappointingly small in volume of tone and too little Italianate in manner, was sung with great aplomb and with a beauty of tone that surprisingly improved the higher she soared into the leger-lines. For the rest, Lucine Amara repeated her excellent portrayal both of the angry *prima donna* and the forlorn Ariadne—her attendant nymphs, by the way, were less good than usual—and Richard Lewis sang Bacchus' music better than ever, a really radiant performance to match the splendour of the god's approach; and one must not overlook the beautiful portrait of the harassed and affectionate Music Master drawn by Thomas Hemsley, or Hugues Cuénod's deliciously affected Dancing Master or David Franklin's supercilious Major-domo.



'Ariadne' has been provided with a new curtain-raiser this year, Wolf-Ferrari's amusing 'Il Segreto di Susanna'. The little piece, old-fashioned enough now to have a period-charm, was most effectively staged by Peter Ebert in an absurd Edwardian setting by Carl Toms. The two singers, Mary Costa and Michel Roux, sang and acted with just the right degree of extravagance, yet keeping the farcicalness well within bounds. And there was a brilliant performance by Heinz Blankenberg (also heard as Harlequin in 'Ariadne') as the dumb servant. But there's the rub. How could that element in the comedy make its effect unseen? I fear there must have been serious gaps in the performance for listeners at home.

'Le Comte Ory' also suffers from not being seen. In the broadcast, too, the tenor's voice sounded rather strained and his coloratura was sketchy. He was singing much better in the

'live' performance I saw, which was ably conducted by Brian Balkwill *vice* John Pritchard who directed 'Ariadne' and 'Il Segreto di Susanna'. As the Countess Adèle, Sari Barabas sang with fuller tone than in previous years and a complete command of the difficult music. In the trio Fernanda Cadoni, the admirably pert Isolier, contributed to the excellent ensemble, while Xavier Depraz (the Tutor) was a tower of strength in the comparatively weak first act.

The 'Proms' got into their stride on Monday of last week when Sir Malcolm Sargent rode one of his favourite war-horses, Walton's 'Belshazzar's Feast', round the Albert Hall arena with magnificent effect. He has lately performed it in Vienna and Brussels with the Huddersfield Choir. For this performance he had the B.B.C. Choral Society and Chorus who seemed determined to show that they were not to be outsung by Yorkshire. The soloist was again Dennis

Noble who knows better than anyone how to make the part dramatic.

Wednesday's programme purported to commemorate Sibelius, who died nearly a year ago, but hardly did justice to the composer's greatness. As an indignant correspondent says in a letter, which I take leave to quote: 'Sibelius deserves to be remembered by something better than an untypical symphony, an uneven concerto, a handful of minor pieces and an early tone-poem, which if it is a masterpiece in its own right does not stand comparison with the later symphonies'. Alan Loveday played the concerto competently without quite coming out on top of it, as Peter Katin did in the even less satisfactory First Concerto of Rachmaninov on the previous evening. 'En Saga' was given a rather flabby performance, and Sir Malcolm did not succeed in papering over the cracks in the First Symphony.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

# Samuel Barber: a Mature American Composer

By SCOTT GODDARD

Samuel Barber's opera 'Vanessa' will be broadcast at 7.25 p.m. on Saturday, August 16 (Third)

SAMUEL BARBER, at the age of forty-eight, strikes a foreign observer as being one of the most mature and cultured American composers of his time. He has written, as regards larger works, two symphonies and two 'Essays' for orchestra, a Violin Concerto and one for 'cello, two string quartets, a Sonata for piano and one for 'cello and piano, a few choral works, some songs, and a ballet.

First impressions are always difficult to discount when emotions of love or hate have come into play. Such things have to be watched. In the case of Samuel Barber's music many in this country may have come first into contact with it when, during the recent war, a gramophone record reached us, a performance of his setting for baritone and string quartet of Matthew Arnold's 'Dover Beach'. It seemed then (and intervening years have hardly dulled the impression or altered the verdict) to be a singularly fresh, alert, youthfully confident vision, a translation into exquisite textures of sound and refined accumulations of rhythmic impulses that perfectly fitted the words and gave them a new intensity. One had heard how Barber had studied in Paris. This vision of the man standing on the beach at Dover, watching the light gleam on the French coast and thinking his desolate thoughts 'swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, Where ignorant armies clash by night'—all of that was very close to a man's own thoughts in those days in England and, of course, it influenced one's attention and predisposed one to the music Barber had created. Yet it may be said confidently that such influences would not have worked had the music itself not been of a peculiarly appealing character and admirable in itself as a work of most sensitive art. Thus it is that this first impression remains and is still adhered to as something wholly valid.

Now we are to hear Barber's first opera, 'Vanessa', finished in time for performance early this year and being given its first European performance at Salzburg this month. In the years between, the listener who was moved by 'Dover Beach' has been assailed by music from many other contemporary sources while Barber himself has been occupied with other and more extensive projects. To go unprepared from the early work to 'Vanessa', which has a libretto that bears disquieting resemblances to Hofmannsthal's 'Der Rosenkavalier', as though it were a continuation of the Feldmarschallin Fürstin Werdenberg's adventures, would be too

great a tax upon one's sense of values. It is necessary to know what has gone on in Barber's mind in the years between and to discover what has turned the young composer of the song into the mature writer of the opera.

The First Symphony (1936, revised 1943) showed that a great change had come over Barber's music in the mere five years since 'Dover Beach' (1931). It is possible to see what had happened. Barber had begun to explore his personality deeper and in so doing had discovered a means of expressing his individual outlook. After all, 'Dover Beach' was not a fully individual work. It was palpably derivative. The models could be traced and, of course, as befits a musician so finely cultivated in his mental processes, those models were of the finest ancestry. The First Symphony took a new line. In some way the European savour, sensed perhaps sometimes wrongly but yet not altogether so in 'Dover Beach', has slackened and there is now a new diagnostic of life and art; perhaps this is something more nearly American in Barber's music. That music is not brash in the way Copland's can be, nor hard or rough-humoured as William Schuman or Roy Harris can become. (These tags attached to Copland, Schuman, and Harris are meant to be no more than that: peripatetic characteristics, not absolute values.) Such attitudes will never be found in Barber's work as far as that is at present known.

The First Symphony is in one movement, which means that the three sections (first movement-scherzo-finale) though separable to the ear are presented in a single uninterrupted span. It is a simple scheme and up to a point it is effective. The point at which it weakens is the start of the finale, and the sense of debility engendered there continues to the end. The melody on which this finale is based, the broad cantilena from the opening section now returned to and reinforced, is not really strong enough to bear the burden of summing up a whole work. The writing throughout the symphony is full of vigour and has considerable intensity of vision. But it eventually fails to convince, because of its ineffective form.

Form is stronger in the Second Symphony (1944, revised 1947) and on the whole the music moves more fluently. There is a greater sense of freedom and at the same time an easier mastery of material. The weakness noticed in the First Symphony is now avoided; the Second Symphony (in three distinct movements) ends with

a set of variations which leaves the listener aesthetically satisfied, having fulfilled their task of producing a sense of climax. From the First to the Second Symphony there is an appreciable increase in power and control. The manner has become more assured, as is also evident in the Violin Concerto (1939), while effects are more delicately scored and more firmly secured. The middle movement is no longer a scherzo as in the previous symphony but a broad, deep, lyrical *andante* that stabilises the whole scheme of the work and does so with full and felicitous success. Both the Violin Concerto and the 'Cello Concerto (1945) show such signs of an increasing grasp of significant form and enrichment of material as have been noted in the later of the two symphonies.

We thus come as far as the opera 'Vanessa'. Outside America, where it was produced last January at the New York Metropolitan, little is known of the music except by those who could catch it there. The score is not yet printed, so there can be no mention of the music here. The libretto is by Gian-Carlo Menotti and as might be expected of the work of a musician, himself an opera composer, it is expertly put together. The tale is one of love within the bounds of a triangle between a middle-aged woman, a young man who turns out to be the son of her former flame, and a young girl, the elder woman's niece.

The scene is a country house in some unnamed northern (presumably European) country. The time is winter, the year is 1905 or thereabouts. The elder woman, Vanessa, 'a lady of great beauty', is awaiting in considerable agitation the arrival from Paris of her lover of twenty years back. The guest appears: not the expected one but a younger, extremely handsome edition, the former lover's son. Vanessa all but faints; the niece is left to face him and hear his story. That night he seduces her, as is recounted in the next act. Thenceforth Menotti's story takes a sudden leap sideways, unaccountable by any rules of reason; the woman accepts her niece's seduction, accepts also the inevitability of the young man's presence which had at first alarmed and dismayed her. She takes him as her lover, marries him and carries him off, leaving her niece to make what she can of things. The tale which started as a fairly credible version of reality has now become incredible and operatic. In the third act the girl attempts suicide; in the last act the couple depart for Paris and the girl is left to await the next turn of fate in the desolate country house.





## the things they say!



*Germany? Didn't know we exported chemicals there.*

Indeed we do — and to America and Arabia, Spain and Siam. In fact, to almost every country in the world.

*But, surely, other industrial countries have their own chemical industries?*

So they have, yet they still buy chemicals from us.

*Why is that?*

Often because it would cost them more to make the chemicals themselves. And because they need many of the new, specialised chemical products that Britain, with her chemical knowledge and experience, has been able to develop.

*Good for us!*

Very good for us — and for our balance of payments. Last year the British chemical industry sold about £265 million worth of its products abroad. That would be far more than enough to pay for all our imports of wool.

*Well, that seems a fair exchange. Soda ash for sheepskins, eh?*

And not only soda ash, but synthetic fibres, drugs and dyestuffs, paints and plastics.

*Sounds impressive!*

It certainly is. Chemicals are the third largest of Britain's exporting industries, and I.C.I. the biggest exporter among Britain's chemical companies.





# What Is New in Insulation?

By BARRY BUCKNELL

IT may seem odd to discuss insulation in the middle of summer, but now really is the time to be thinking about it. The loft is the obvious place to begin. Let us look first at the existing materials for insulating the top-floor ceiling. The best known are vermiculite in granules and mineral or glass wool. They are all fire resisting. In their cheapest form these are used as a loose filling between the joists. You buy the material in bags, which are easily carried to the loft. It is then spread out evenly between the joists, but it must be kept dry, and there can be a tendency for it to blow about. To make handling rather easier, mineral wool and fibreglass are also made into rolls of quilting covered with a waterproof or semi-waterproof material, or bonded to form matting. This quilting or matting is laid in suitable width between the joists or across the joists, on top of them, leaving a slight sag in between.

Trapped, static air provides good insulation, so it is important to provide all the closed air space you can by eliminating any gaps. Two layers of aluminium foil with an airspace between provides good insulation. It is most effective with a thin, slightly crumpled foil laid between the joists and a second layer of reinforced foil tacked over the top, sealing all the spaces. Tacking reinforced foil under the roof rafters gives further insulation—against the sun too, if that should ever be necessary.

One point about the loft—when you have insulated the ceiling the loft will be colder, so it is even more important to insulate the tanks and pipes, and the same materials can be used either for boxing in or wrapping round. And for

lagging pipes there is a foam material with a coloured-tape backing which improves the appearance of exposed pipes. Incidentally, an unlagged hot-water tank loses the equivalent of 17,000 gallons of hot water every year.

Among new insulating materials is a bonded acetate fibre or wadding. This is attractive in appearance, light-pink and fluffy—it looks like candyfloss. It is used for heat and sound insulation, but for heat insulation it is supplied in one-inch thick rolls with thin aluminium foil bonded to it on both sides. It handles easily and is used like the other quilted materials supplied in rolls. Another new material for which new uses will undoubtedly be found is expanded Polystyrene. This is a beautiful material in appearance—gleaming white, like icing sugar, in feather-light sheets of varying thicknesses. It tends to be slightly more expensive than some other materials, and if used for sticking on to something else you must be careful about the adhesive. With some adhesives it can shrivel up and disappear. Where a hardboard lining is being fitted inside a shed, for instance, it provides a convenient and efficient packing. Amongst other uses, it is splendid for providing buoyancy: you may see blocks of it in swimming baths used for swimming instruction.

There is a method of making old slate roofs water-tight by covering them with a fabric or hessian and a mastic paint—a method not generally approved by craftsmen, but effective. It is claimed that this, too, gives a measure of heat insulation.

If you are building a new partition and you want heat and sound insulation, do not forget

that you can buy boards made out of compressed straw and cane fibre which are easy to fix and give good insulation. One development which is increasing in popularity is the use of acoustic tiles or insulation board underneath ceilings, and suspended ceilings of perforated aluminium with an insulating material above. These do not, to any great extent, prevent sound going through the ceiling but they absorb sound and provide a more restful atmosphere.

—Network Three

## Notes on Contributors

MICHAEL IONIDES (page 183): formerly a full-time member of the Iraq Development Board

DAVID BLELOCH (page 186): an official of the International Labour Organisation from 1921-1950; since then, has served on various Technical Assistance Missions to Latin-American countries for the United Nations

R. Y. JENNINGS (page 191): Whewell Professor of International Law, Cambridge University, since 1955

EUGENE LAMPERT (page 193): author of *Shudder in Rebellion*

MYLES WRIGHT (page 200): Lever Professor of Civic Design, Liverpool University, since 1954; author (with Sir William Holford) of *Corby New Town*, etc.

MAJOR LEWIS HASTINGS, M.C. (page 202): gave military commentaries for the B.B.C., 1941-45; author of *Dragons are Extra* (autobiography)

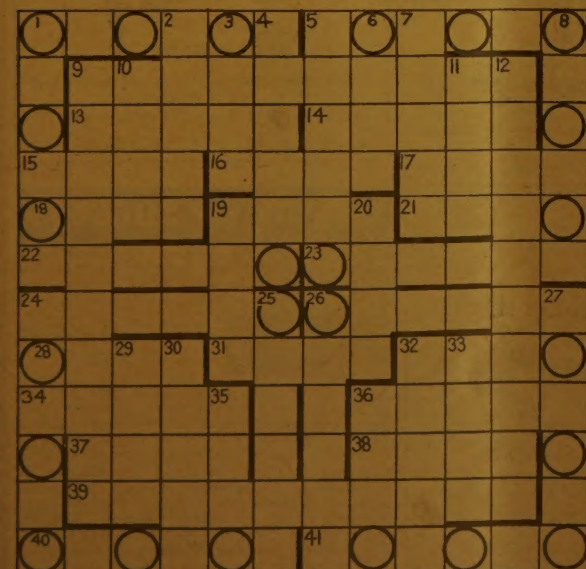
## Crossword No. 1,471.

## Diametricode—III.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



In a diametricode the letters in the circles are twenty-four letters of the alphabet (J and Q omitted). Each of these letters forms a 'pair' with the letter diametrically opposite: for example, the third letter of 1A, with the fourth letter of 41A.; the first letter of 23A, with the first letter of 25D. The clues in italics lead to lights in which every letter of the answer is replaced by the other letter of its pair. The twenty-eight unchecked letters in the solution might be arranged as: A NEW, IDLE MEMO: 'NO FOXING OR HAZING!'

### CLUES—ACROSS

1. False 29D., worn by 24D. (6). 5. Unco-ordinated (6). 9. *Clue? It sunk, Most unfortunate!* (10). 13. Quadrille movement, chérie (5). 14. College provides a room with a window (5). 15R. A shooter, and no error! Give us a kiss! (4). 16. The Alisbury Lily (4). 17. Obviously the right key for the cabin (4). 18. *Here's the boss* (4). 19. Funnily fertile (4). 21R. Red-haired hunter, fond of soup (4). 22. Unruly member of the Roman assembly (6). 23. Found in an Elizabethan garden shed (6). 24. Slimy fish with spiny fins (6). 26. Blast! It's suffocating (6). 28R. *Soft, white and creamy, it takes the biscuit* (4). 31. A man of enterprise and quick decision (4). 32. A South African and his agglutinative tongue (4). 34R. Fair setting for Lincolnshire music (5). 36. *Abode of a backward drudge* (5). 37R. Cycles with nose out of joint (4). 38. European? Asian? Betwixt and between (4). 39. *There is not any snag in the whole herd* (10). 40. Look, man! Look-out (6). 41. If you glance back at this legendary island, it was clearly non-volcanic (6).

### DOWN

1. Poor soil—no humus (6). 2. Vulture from Uruguay and Buenos Aires (5). 3. Stimulant for the African T.T. (4). 4. Nymph-consultant (6). 5. Guarantee produces a sort of well-bred havoc (6). 6. Easter Monday's the limit (4). 7U. *Curves (and the expressions of admiration they evoke?)* (5). 8. Possibly hickory (though not dickery) dock; or an artificial watershed (6). 9. *United Nations in camera? That's not a bit like Uncle Sam* (10). 10. The bib? Probably Miss Sullen has it (4). 11U. It has length and breadth—and depth (4). 12. *It's only the money they care for* (10). 19. Spoke in description of the average bull (4). 20. Spring for locks (4). 24. Leading man (with a fat head?) (6). 25. Rummy exclamation (6). 26. Imperial tutor makes a scene (6). 27. It's a piece of cake, but he'll probably drop the catch (6). 29U. *The old boar is quite a mimic* (4). 30. Fanciful figure reports back: 'Both ends missing' (5). 32U. *Fifty! A six! Where did you get that bat?* (5). 33U. Try this port; it has a Russian flavour (4). 35. *Race about in a variety of colour* (4). 36. *No doubt the kangaroos do it first* (4).

## Solution of No. 1,469

Q	U	A	T	E	R	N	A	R	Y	P	I	A
U	M	B	E	R	A	M	R	I	G	H	T	S
I	P	R	E	E	M	S	I	N	G	E	T	H
N	T	A	T	B	E	H	E	A	D	O	N	T
A	E	C	O	U	N	T	S	O	R	N	E	R
S	E	A	T	S	L	O	N	G	A	C	R	E
E	N	D	A	M	A	G	E	H	S	U	I	E
X	T	A	L	I	C	B	A	I	N	T	Y	
T	H	B	O	N	E	A	R	M	L	X	E	I
T	H	R	E	E	S	C	O	R	E	A	F	T
Y	E	A	R	S	O	H	M	H	A	R	L	E

### NOTES

Across: 10. Arrow-root; Pi—a. 14R-8. Pericles. iv. ii. (Shaks). 19. Pony. 20. Be head. 30. En-d-a mag-e and end a mage. 33. 'Wool & water' Chap. 35. D-aint-y. 38. 'Humpty Dumpty' Chap.  
Down: 1. Harlequins—rugby club. 2. Them ten up (anag.). 12. As three (anag.). 18. Goths is to maths as Gog is to Mag(og). 21. (S)enlac-e-(s).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Mrs. P. D. Shenton (Walsall); 2nd prize: Michael Gilbert (Luddesdown); 3rd prize: Miss R. Thompson (Dun Laoghaire)

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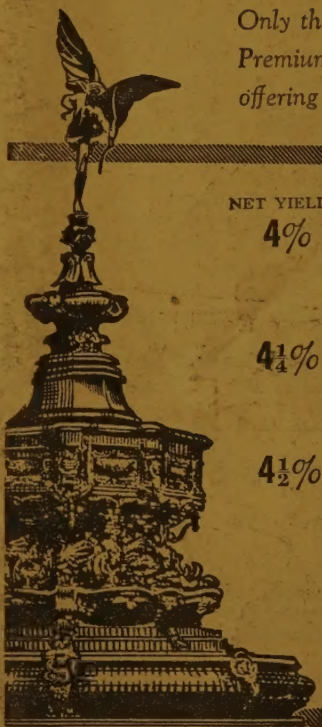
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